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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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A REHEARSAL OF "DODSWORTH"
At left, Walter Huston and Fay Bainter, who play Mr. and Mrs. Dodsworth; center, Sinclair Lewis; right, Sidney Howard (standing) and the director, Robert Sinclair.

He Knew What He Wanted

BY JOHN CORBIN

As to Sidney Howard's two plays now running in New York, there has been general agreement that "Dodsworth" is a brilliant dramatization, but "Yellow Jack" has been received with differences of critical opinion among the newspaper reviewers so sharp as to indicate one of those plays which, if good at all, are really important in the dramatic history of a year. Mr. Corbin's long experience as a critic of the theatre makes this article upon Sidney Howard, his work, and especially "Yellow Jack" of timely interest. It is noteworthy that both plays are adaptations from very successful books.—THE EDITORS.

LET us say that Sidney Howard is the most intelligent of American playwrights and see what that comes to. It is not necessarily a compliment. Dogs may be intelligent, and usually are. Henrik Ibsen was so far from intelligent that he could see nothing in the political and social history of the world but "a gigantic shipwreck." (Yet it may be observed parenthetically that he was one of the world's great playwrights.) Bernard Shaw is at once clever and intellectual, but his intelligence is shown chiefly in using ideas as a sort of buffoon's bladder for smiting into ridicule those who disagree with him. Mr. Howard is an able and very promising dramatist, but both he and the dog are intelligent.

To be intelligent is to know the world in all its pertinent moods and phases so as to make your way cheerfully about in it. It is the accomplishment of good dogs and gentlemen. When Mr. Howard received the Pulitzer prize for "They Knew What They Wanted" he suffered the usual fate, which is to have all the wiseacres declare that the award was grossly mistaken. Being interviewed on the subject, he said he was glad the committee gave him the prize, but that the more he thought of it the more he was himself convinced that it should have gone to "What Price Glory." So some and perhaps all of us found ourselves more and more inclined to agree with the committee. I do not wish to suggest that Mr. Howard was in the least insincere. Quite the contrary. The choice was a close one: either way it would have raised very interesting questions. And one of the unfailing signs of genuine intelligence is a genuine (and articulate) modesty.

Until the current production of "Yellow Jack" Mr. Howard's most notable achievements were "They Knew What They Wanted" and "The Silver Cord," produced by the Theatre Guild. In neither were the characterizations as racy and salient as those of "What Price Glory," and in neither did anyone reach the emotional heights of those drunken, foulmouthed, and heroic marines. Yet, in any ordinary comparison, his characters were soundly observed and vigorously felt, unusually original and authentic creations. They were, moreover, artfully varied and contrasted, and the action as a whole was developed with consummate workmanship—a composition as far as the poles removed from the inchoate hurly-burly of "What Price Glory." Like the characters in his prize play, Mr. Howard knows what he is about and achieves it.

One result of this mental scope and technical skill is that he is uncommonly successful with adaptations and dramati-

(Continued on next page)

Simple Arithmetic

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

FOUR things are far:
The North star;
The poles; Paradise;
Your eyes.

My threes are these:
Rime-bearing trees;
Laughter of boys;
Your voice.

Two things to treasure
Without measure:
Unending grace;
Your face.

All ends in one,
Till Time's undone
And Truth's untrue:
You.

A Letter to Stuart Chase

BY HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

DEAR Mr. Chase:

I have just finished reading your latest book, "The Economy of Abundance."* Like all your work, it fills me with admiration, respect, and gratitude. No man in this country has done, and is doing, as much as you to reveal the sheer anachronism of the "capitalist" system, and to arouse the American people to a realization of its futility and autocatalytic character.

In this book you carry your analysis to the point of absolute conviction. You draw an illuminating distinction between the principles of vendibility and serviceability, and show how the former was workable, and in a sense logical, in an age of scarcity and how it becomes not only indefensible but impracticable as soon as the progress of technology, implemented with abundant power, lifts man into an era where material superabundance is technically possible. You insist with much cogency that serviceability is the only consistent and defensible principle for the organization of economic life, the neglect of which can no longer be even condoned in an age of plenty. You rightly emphasize the extent to which both the theoretical interpretation of conventional economics and the moral, ethical, and political aphorisms of western society have been cast in the mold of scarcity, and how inconsistent, misleading, and absurd they are in an age of abundance. You make it clear that social sanity demands a complete reversal of our traditional economic philosophy, with all the assumptions, postulates, and rules of the game that go with it.

With the happy combination of fact, figure and illustration of which you are master you trace the sudden emergence of industrial society from an economy dominated by the machine to one characterized by power. You show how not only the quantity, but also the quality, of human participation demanded by production are profoundly modified by the requirements of the new system. You leave no room for the shadow of a doubt of the staggering and cumulative disaster that must afflict any society that insists on trying to function under the old formulae. For this you merit enthusiastic applause.

Needless to say, I do not agree with every point of your analysis. Particularly, I take issue with your assertion, relegated to the insignificance of a footnote, that the distinction between stocks and bonds is academic and practically unimportant, (p. 181) and also with your definition (in another footnote) of profit as including interest, rent, and royalties (p. 145). This looseness of interpretation may not be serious from the point of view of the individual investor, but it does interfere with the accuracy of economic analysis, and therefore with the adequate understanding of practical social relationships. For instance, it leads to such absurdities as you yourself slip into when you say (p. 183) that "the only value of a commercial property is its earning power, duly capitalized." What do you mean "duly capitalized"? Capitalization implies a rate of interest, and "due" capitalization implies a right or fixed rate of interest. But you have yourself taken great pains to show that the notion of an innate or "normal" interest rate is pure myth, and that even a current or market rate is marked by extreme variability and instability. To ignore the difference between the income, and therefore the value, of a bond with its fixed money payments of interest and capital and of a stock with its residual and contingent annual payments and highly speculative capital value simply leads to confusion.

But these divergencies on my part are minor and incidental. On the whole, I am in hearty agreement with all your fundamentals. I like the humanitarian approach, the independence of interpretation, and the freedom from tradition which we have all learned to associate with your work. Particularly I like the nonchalance with which you envision the time when society will guarantee a comfortable livelihood to all its citizens, whether they do a stroke of work or not—doubtless because I have repeatedly said the same thing myself in recent years.

All of this strengthens my impulse and determination to say one or two things to you very frankly, and to ask you a few questions. I do this, you will understand, only because I do not feel that you have yet rendered the full service to your day and age of which you are capable.

First of all, it does not seem to me that, with all your insight and emancipation, you have as yet completely shaken yourself loose from the old producer's philosophy and committed yourself unreservedly to the consumer's philosophy that is implicit in your principle of serviceability. A great deal of the analysis in this book seems to imply that a maximum production of material things is inherently desirable, provided only it is done in the name of serviceability instead of vendibility. You do not categorically subordinate production to consumption, and squarely raise the issue as to how much time, in the well-ordered society that you contemplate, need be devoted to produc-

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* *THE ECONOMY OF ABUNDANCE. By Stuart Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $2.50.*

This Week

WILLIAM PENN
By C. E. VULLIAMY
Reviewed by Arthur Pound

NIJINSKY
By RAMOLA NIJINSKY
Reviewed by Emily Gardiner

EASTER SUN
By PETER NEAGOE
Reviewed by Louis Adamic

THE NINE TAILORS
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS
Reviewed by E. Arnot Robertson

THE OPPERMANNS
By LION FEUCHTWANGER
Reviewed by Ernest Boyd

THE USE OF POETRY
Ry T. S. ELIOT
Reviewed by John Crowe Ransom

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

I WAS A GERMAN
By ERNST TOLLER
Reviewed by Dorothy Thompson

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He Knew What He Wanted

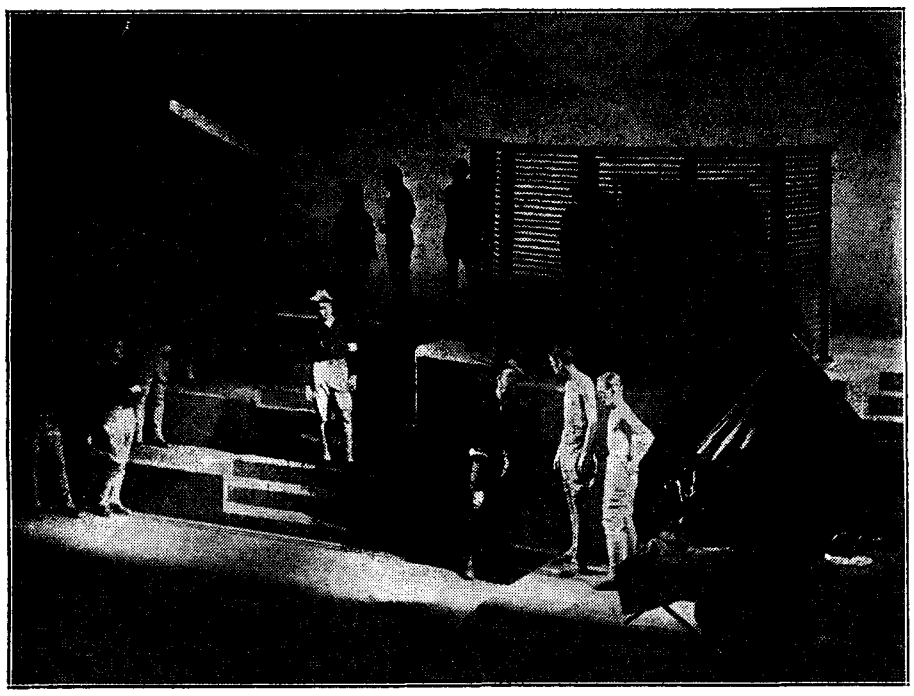
(*Continued from first page*)

zations. Side by side with his superlative achievement, "Yellow Jack," Broadway is now witnessing his dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's "Dodsworth," which bids fair to be even more successful than his last year's adaptation from the French of "The Late Christopher Bean."

The right-hearted but socially crude and unromantic business man has been favorably received ever since "The American" of Henry James, and has been beloved in the theatre since the Tarkington-Wilson dramatization of "The Man from Home." Sinclair Lewis has added a character perhaps equally appealing, the wife who seeks culture and romance abroad and is wrecked and ruined by it.

The present version is firmly founded on Mr. Lewis's vernacular dialogue and vivid characterization; and it has perhaps profited also by the fact that, reversing the usual process, it reaches the stage via the screen. It owes most of all, perhaps, to the fact that Samuel Dodsworth is played by that master of lanky American character, Walter Huston. Yet so far as one can judge the success of the production results very largely from Mr. Howard's skill in building up and rounding out his characters through a succession of strokes that seem subtle and unobtrusive, yet register with an audience unerringly. To tell Mr. Lewis's story requires no less than fourteen scenes; and that means constant interruption and loss of precious time. Yet few novels are more successful in rounding out characters than this apparently sketchy dramatization.

Mr. Howard has been especially successful in rendering Fran Dodsworth. Superficial as is the charm of her mind and manner, it is thoroughly real; one quite sees how and why her simple-minded husband is devoted to her and long continues to be so. Yet never for a moment is the shallowness of her heart lost to view, its cold passion of selfishness. She is as



A SCENE FROM "YELLOW JACK"

is what Hogarth would have called her progress, her gradual sinking into the abysm of moral collapse. There are few scenes in our drama more convincing than that in which Dodsworth bids her good-by. To denote this progress in the brief compass of a play requires a craftsmanship both subtle and bold; yet Mr. Howard's rendering is, if anything, more luminous than that of the book.

That Mr. Howard has had two plays produced in the same week passes for a sensation on Broadway, antiquaries comparing the achievement with that of another intelligent playwright, Clyde Fitch, who once had four plays running at the same moment. Scant attention is paid to the fact that by far the more original of Mr. Howard's plays, "Yellow Jack," lagged in manuscript six years waiting for a producer, or to the attendant fact (which may or may not explain his long delay) that "Yellow Jack" dispels the miasma of Viennese psychology and post-war cynicism, bringing the heroism of self-sacrifice once more into the spotlight. There is a mood in which the world tumbles old idols from their pedestals and smashes the visages of plaster saints; but this mood is itself one of faith, and of a faith that ultimately creates its own idols.

The new idol is newer on the stage than elsewhere. It is in fact, the nineteenth-century, not to say Victorian, apotheosis of science and of suffering humanity. The story of the discovery of the cause of yellow fever has often been told, but never better than in "Microbe Hunters" of Paul de Kruif who figures on the program as collaborator in the present production. It is perhaps the greatest, and is certainly the most dramatic, of American achievements in science; and it has a position similarly outstanding in our history, having made possible the digging of the Panama Canal. In one sense of the word, to be sure, the Broadway sense, it is not at all dramatic. There is no love story. The only woman is a nurse who knows her place and keeps it. And there is no dramatic composition of the kind that eventuates in a "great scene." The guiding principle is what actually occurred and the result is what Elizabethans called chronicle history—in this case, the patriotism of science.

This Elizabethan analogy is borne out by the method of production. Perhaps it was the multiplicity of scenes—laboratory, hospital ward, squad-tent, pest-house, and the rest—which so long kept the play from the public. In staging it Mr. Howard has cut the Gordian knot. Quite consciously, and very intelligently, as will appear in the preface of the play when it is published, he has reverted to the technique of the sixteenth century. In the ordinary sense of the word there is no scenery. An atmospherically illumined cyclorama or backdrop suggests out-of-doors; yet many of the passages, such as those in the laboratory, manifestly occur indoors. For these there is a structure, up-stage centre, that remains in place throughout—a sort slid round, and we are safely indoors. We have thus a crude substitute for the inner stage or alcove which served Marlowe for Faust's conjuring study and Shakespeare for Prospero's "cell." When other properties are needed they are brought on and taken off—hospital stretchers, tents, and pest-house—quite in the Elizabethan manner. Imagination does the rest, that being the faculty which good folk most willingly use in the theatre. As Goethe said of the Shakespearean method of producing "Hamlet," the play "runs its true course, full of passion and unhindered by considerations of locality." Mr. Howard is so delighted with the result that he feels he "should never again bother with doors or windows, walls or ceilings, entrances or exits."

Another device as ancient is as successfully used, the play within a play. The opening scene and the closing scene are in quite modern times and show the continuing struggle against yellow fever. The

SAM DODSWORTH MEETS EDITH CORTRIGHT
(*Nan Sunderland and Walter Huston*)

amount of "jack" remaining in the world, in de Kruif's phrase, might be placed on the points of half a dozen pins; yet in India there is a monkey, the only known animal that shares man's susceptibility to the fever, which monkey must be protected or an epidemic will break out there that will cost thousands of human lives and millions of dollars before it can be controlled. So medical precaution comes in conflict with newly established air routes. As passengers, mosquitos are barred by a quarantine distressful to airplane promoters. To explain the necessity, we are taken back to the Cuba of 1900, Leonard Wood's Cuba, and to Walter Reed's inoculation of volunteers with the advice and consent rather dubiously given, of William Crawford Gorgas. This is the main body of the play.

To make his action clear to an audience the historical playwright Shakespeare was once obliged to expound the Salic law, and the scientific [illegible] resist all instruction, especially in the theatre; yet it may be said that in one case as in the other the process is, so far as possible, painless. To many or most of the audience, in fact, it appeared to be positively thrilling. Like all good playwrights, Mr. Howard understands that what interests an audience is not so much ironclad and inerrant virtue as virtue at strife with its inherent human weakness. In the Cuba of 1900 the process of trial and error was very trying and almost inconceivably erroneous.

The first volunteers were Walter Reed's laboratory associates, able and devoted scientists. One of them died and one recovered; yet for the lack of proper "control" the result was not conclusive. With a lack of foresight almost inconceivable, neither had been rigidly secluded from other possible sources of infection. The result was sufficient, however, to justify further experiment and a call was issued for new volunteers. Mr. Howard permits us to see the reaction of the buck-privates to this opportunity for service. In the end they volunteered, refusing the reward—eager as Walter Reed himself, though in their own buck-private way, to have part in a service to their fellow-men.

Though that is the most obviously dramatic moment in the play, it is by no means the most memorable. In a manner really marvellous Mr. Howard has made real to us the obstacles against which scientific research contends and the humble heroism that alone can surmount them. It is by no means certain that "Yellow Jack" will become a great popular success, yet it is beyond question all who are not destitute of heart and mind will enjoy it keenly.

It may well prove a landmark in the history of our theatre, at once as creating a new genre of play and as demonstrating that, amid a prevailing love of the cynical and the crudely sensational, we have still a large public and an increasing one for things of the spirit.

Incidentally, while convincing one of Mr. Howard's intelligence as never before, it reveals an intellectual and a spiritual depth unexampled in our theatre.

William Penn and His Background

WILLIAM PENN. By C. E. Vulliamy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR POUND

THIS new life of the founder of Pennsylvania poses, between the lines, this question: What is the whole duty of a biographer? Is it enough to etch the background across which a memorable person moved toward eminence; to present an historic figure as his contemporaries saw him; to relate the actions of a career to the seismic pulsations of a period that, however jumbled it may have been in the present tense, has been beautifully brought to order, in the past tense, by somewhat fallible historians?

If these considerations compass a biographer's duty to his readers, then Mr. Vulliamy has added an excellent life to the growing shelf of Penn books. I know of no other book on Stuart England, not even Trevelyan's, which clarifies so definitely that mazy period of English history. The first three chapters, briefly relating the sword-play of religion and politics from Wycliff to Charles II, are brilliant condensations of as many centuries. The development of the Reformation into the Puritan Revolution could hardly be better told in a small space. Equal ability to find the nub of truth in the coil of intrigue appears in the author's exposition of Restoration history. Moreover, he is precise both in following the main line of Penn's career and in establishing the rating of Penn among the Quakers of his day.

Why, then, not declare this to be an excellent biography? My hesitation to do so arises from the lack in this book of a certain imponderable which to me at marriage; regardless of resources, knowledge, wit, and all that, there must also be compatibility in order to give the affair an enduring quality. Mr. Vulliamy nowhere is entirely successful in getting deep into the soul of Mr. Penn; and no wonder, for here we have a hard-as-nails man writing of a mild-as-milk man. Mr. Vulliamy does succeed in getting under Mr. Penn's skin, and in a fashion to pain many excellent Penn worshippers; but getting under a subject's skin in something quite other than getting into his heart and soul, his Inner Light, his temperament, or true inwardness, by whatever name you call the essence of personality. This lack is most notable here, for Penn's chief luggage-in-life was his soul.

To his present biographer, Penn is a second-rate muddler in nearly all things, from messing in politics to managing his estate. As a writer Penn usually ranted, as a preacher he was too pompous, as a statesman he was often merely oily and pliable. In general this is true; but the exceptions are the reasons why men are still writing books about William Penn. Occasionally Penn wrote truth without fustian, occasionally he spoke truth without bombast, occasionally he acted under imperatives so far in advance of his times that the world has not yet caught up to them. William Penn as a mind exalted is beyond this present biographer; but poor Penn could not always maintain the mood of exaltation, and then Mr. Vulliamy understands him very well indeed. The good man overreached, the innocent astray in a wicked world, gets small pity in this volume.

On the fact side this book has few lacks, even though compression is the author's rule. Of Penn's two wives, Gulielma wins all the glory while Hannah is let down with a crusty word, though deserving better. American readers will be disappointed that no attention is paid to the researches of Albert Cook Myers of Philadelphia, our leading Penn collector and scholar. Considering the British origin of this Penn book, the American phases are well enough handled, though less realisti-

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cally than the English phases. An American of Mr. Vulliamy's shrewdness would hardly take as seriously as this author does the Shackamaxon elm, treaty, and blue sash, and those other romantic and mythical embroideries of Penn's American visits which have either been disproved or laid open to question by competent authority.

Arthur Pound, who is a journalist and novelist as well as historian, is the author of "The Penns of Pennsylvania."

A Turbulent Day

THE WIFE. By Helen Grace Carlisle. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

TO those who ask that a novel be exciting and emotionally appealing rather than intellectually convincing, "The Wife" can be recommended. It offers heady liquor, some of it mellow and heart-warming, some of it raw and acrid. Indeed, in its transitions from sensitive understanding to melodrama, from the real to the tawdry, the book is not unlike those post-prohibition advertisements that proffer the vintage wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux cheek by jowl with the bastard distillates of day before yesterday.

Perhaps the framework of the tale, admirable in its way, is partly responsible, though the ultimate cause lies deeper. The framework in any case favors the juxtaposition of violently contrasting scenes. The story itself is told entirely from the point of view of Nina, the happily married wife of Robert Cameron, and it covers the period that elapses between her awakening at eight in the morning, through the crisis which takes place at four that afternoon, to the solution of her problem next morning at ten. As we follow Nina from hour to hour in an existence seemingly compounded of love, luxurious well-being, a few duties, a little work and many pleasures, we soon become aware that under the clean, smooth surface of her present life flow the muddy waters of an unusually grimy past. Into her consciousness stream the hatreds and misery of a childhood spent in the tenements of New York, the shame and physical hunger of her first marriage to an incorrigible thief, the poisonous degradation of her relations with the drunken rotter, Nelson Crane, who is the father of her illegitimate child. Lacking family, religion, traditions, Nina in her youth had succumbed to a peculiarly ugly variety of experiences, and it is these experiences that, in a series of flash-backs, are placed for us beside the unfolding picture of her present well-being. They shadow her happiness and, in a moment of crisis, threaten its annihilation.

The pattern of the story, with past and present so tightly interwoven, successfully combines unity, color, and tension, and the plot, moving as it does on several levels, all interrelated, has excellent dramatic possibilities. The author accurately observes many of the subtler emotions of her heroine and the thumb-nail sketches along the way—of a cocktail party, emerging from warmth and hilarity, confronted by a beggar; of an evicted musician playing her piano on the sidewalk and cajoling reluctant pennies from Italian fruit-vendors—show both feeling and perception. But too often scenes that are potentially dramatic lapse into theatricality, and too often the figures concerned in them are stage-props instead of human beings. Neither Nelson nor Robert is entirely credible in himself or in the life of the heroine. Nina's debauchery by the first and marriage to the second are insufficiently premised and almost equally unplausible. Nor is the motivation of the denouement psychologically satisfying.

In short, the tale moves swiftly and much of it is emotionally persuasive, but one cannot help wishing that the incidents jostling their way through the heroine's thoughts had been fewer, more firmly realized, more resonant. Nina's turbulent life, like music heard over the radio, lacks overtones, and, for all its turbulence, tinkles but feebly when compared with the great orchestral crash of Clarissa Dalloway's much quieter day in fiction.

The Career of a Dancer

NIJINSKY. By Ramola Nijinsky. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by EMILY GARDINER

NIJINSKY'S life written by his wife is a book that will be read with interest by many people only moderately interested in dancing. It is intended as an honest and frank account of his life although actually it is the biassed and personal version of an excessively emotional though charming woman. But it is much more as well: it is a study in abnormal psychology, a collection of spicy anecdotes of artistic and social life, an authentic though personal history of the famous Diaghileff ballet, a sometimes embarrassingly intimate picture of a great

THE SPECTRE OF THE ROSE
Karsavina and Nijinsky

artist who was also the humblest and gentlest of men.

After an opening chapter recounting how Mme. Nijinsky first saw and became infatuated with her future husband in 1912 in Budapest when he was already at the height of his career, the book goes back to Nijinsky's childhood. He was born in 1890, the fourth generation of dancers, was carried all over Russia by his itinerant parents; in 1900 he was admitted to the Imperial Ballet School, from then on leading the same secluded life completely dedicated to dancing of which we already have an astonishing account in Karsavina's "Theatre Street." In 1908 his course was finished, he was automatically taken into the company of the Mariinsky Theatre, and in the same year he first met Serge Diaghileff. An immediate friendship sprang up between them which soon grew into a more intimate relation and produced a fruitful artistic collaboration. In 1909 Diaghileff arranged for a season of the Russian Imperial Ballet in Paris. The furor which their appearance caused there, with Nijinsky as the brightest of half a dozen stars, is now history, and a second season, equally successful, was organized in the following year. So far Mme. Nijinsky's book is a comparatively objective account of the first part of Nijinsky's life of which she had no first-hand knowledge and with which she must have received much help from Nijinsky's various friends whom she thanks in her foreword as well as from Mr. Lincoln Kirstein. But from here on the book is her personal story.

Mme. Nijinsky was a Hungarian aristocrat, in her own words just another adoring society girl, who was immediately infatuated with Nijinsky. She is quite shameless in recounting the extremes to which she went in order to meet, to know, and to possess Nijinsky. She had to use all her not inconsiderable influence in Budapest, had to cultivate other members of the troupe, even to take up dancing herself, had to grapple with Diaghileff who guarded Nijinsky jealously, had finally to join the troupe on a tour to South America, and had to persist through Nijinsky's indifference and shyness, before she could make him say in his broken French (as they spoke no language in common) on the moonlit deck of a steamer, "Mademoiselle, voulez-vous vous et moi?" They were married in Buenos Aires in September 1913.

Notwithstanding this unpropitious start Mme. Nijinsky has been a deeply devoted wife through all Nijinsky's triumphs and subsequent tragedies. She fought Diaghileff's unrelenting hatred, shared Nijinsky's hardships during the war, and has always looked out for his support during the horrible mental illness from which he has suffered since 1919.

The book gives in detail the history of each tour, even of each ballet, and follows the development of Nijinsky as a dancer and as a choreographer; but it always remains a personal interpretation. For instance, her opinion of Diaghileff's work is colored by her bitterness. The impression of Diaghileff that has so far prevailed is of a great impresario, combining in one man a connoisseur of music, choreography, painting, theatre, with a diplomat of unlimited tact in dealing with temperamental artists, and a sufficiently business-like organizer to find the backing for his expensive productions. Mme. Nijinsky sees this Renaissance hero as a man whose greed for fame came before any other consideration, so jealous that he would crush any individual whose popularity threatened to overshadow his own. Nijinsky's friends were divided into two parties, those who hated Mme. Nijinsky and those who hated Diaghileff.

The book is crowded with amusing extravagances. Nijinsky could leap the depth of a stage at one bound; his feet were not constructed normally but somewhat resembled those of a bird; the heat of his feet split his shoes so rapidly that he used up several pairs during each performance; his muscles were so hard that his masseur was completely exhausted after rubbing him for an hour. Once during a benefit performance in New York some adoring society women stole his underwear to treasure as mementos; his valet in Paris built a house with the money he got by surreptitiously cutting off and selling the artificial rose-petals of his costume in "Spectre de la Rose." And so on.

Only three or four dancers in history rank with Nijinsky. We should be thankful that his wife has put on record her account of his life; it is an important addition to the literature of dancing because of its authenticity rather than its accuracy.

Peasant Life in a Balkan Village

EASTER SUN. By Peter Neagoe. New York: Coward-McCann. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS ADAMIC

WHISPERING, say old Balkan peasants, is like a lighted match dropped upon dry stubble. They know whereof they speak. In the little village in Rumanian Transylvania, which is typical of a hundred thousand villages and hamlets in the Balkans and Eastern Europe, and where Peter Neagoe sets his story "Easter Sun," everyone whispered about Ileana, the daughter of John, a hard-toiling, superstition-wracked peasant, and his stupid and kind wife, Chiva. Ileana was too beautiful, intelligent, and gifted: she embroidered like no one else in the village, making her own designs and color patterns; she sang like a bird; she was strange, elusive, aloof, desirable. Her own father desired her. The village, including members of her own family, believed she was a tool in the hands of the Unclean One, the devil, who "uses her beauty to trap souls." Ignorant, burdened by ancient superstitions, folk beliefs, and a mixture of Christianity and paganism, it shunned Ileana except for the teacher and choir master, Tedescu, a young hunchback. He loved her, encouraged her to cultivate her voice, and wanted to marry her.

But Ileana had her own dreams. She had fallen in love on her weekly visits to the city with the wheat merchant, Serafim, and yearned for the day when she should marry him. When, crazed by her beauty though sharing the village's resentment of it, her father pursued her with the idea of purging her of evil, it was to Serafim she fled, only, however, to learn that he was about to marry another girl.

When Easter dawned, her father, seemingly recovered from his madness, required Ileana to come with him to a hilltop to watch the sunrise. There his madness asserted itself again and he tried to offer her in the Biblical manner as a sacrifice to God. She escaped from him, but when the sun rose blood-red, the peasants, construing this as an evil omen, turned upon her. She must expiate. The village was cursed by her. She must go.

This a good, exciting story, if oft-told and with definite shortcomings. Ileana, who is portrayed in extravagant terms, is never quite real. One can think of her only as a symbol, which in an essentially realistic novel, is not enough. Her love scenes with Serafim, who does come to life, do not convince. The story as Mr. Neagoe worked it out, although it gathers force in every page and culminates in an exciting finale, has other technical faults. The incestuous lust of Ileana's father, for instance, strikes a heavy melodramatic note, which overemphasizes the major theme of the plot.

Mr. Neagoe, who is a Rumanian by birth, reveals, however, an authentic knowledge of and feeling for his peasants. He knows their everyday life, their legends, customs, folklore, their fantastic religion and its hold upon them, their picturesque, often poetical speech. But, to judge by "Easter Sun," he has not looked deep into the life of his people. He appears to consider superstition in its various forms as the beginning and end of all evil in the village. He betrays no awareness of the community's socio-economic organization and its relation to the world at large. He nowhere implies realization of the fact that the fantastic pagan-Christian religion, with which superstition and ignorance are tied up, is part and parcel of the socio-economic system which holds

A RUMANIAN PEASANT
Drawing by I. Steriadi, from "Modern Drawings" (Studio Publications)

sway in the country of which the village is a microscopic part.

Nevertheless I hope Mr. Neagoe continues to use the rich materials of his native Rumania. He knows two things about peasants that make him singularly fit to write about them. He knows that the "simple peasant" is anything but simple; that, in fact, he is one of the most complicated creatures under the sun. And he knows, or at least seems to know, that the peasant in countless villages, not only in the Balkans but everywhere, is essentially obscurantist, unfriendly to progress, and that he will not and cannot break through the complicated system of his shortcomings and traditions on his own initiative and with his own mental energy. Mr. Neagoe will become, I think, an important writer on peasant life when he realizes that the peasant is a world problem which can be solved but one way—the way they are solving it in the Soviet Union.

Louis Adamic, in "The Native's Return," a recent book club selection, proves his own understanding of peasant life in Southeastern Europe.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Dressmakers for Art

This distressed generation is groaning and travailing in the attempt to express itself. It seemed, for a while this year, that the explosion of economic and political writing would cure its pain, but the burden on the heart is not sensibly relieved. It is apparent that something is wrong that even a redistribution of wealth will not cure. There is a moral lesion.

The élite of New York have been seeing Gertrude Stein's "Four Saints in Three Acts," and what have they seen? They entered a lobby lined with posters announcing the literary, dramatic, and musical triumph of the season, and sat them down before an exquisitely beautiful décor, to watch a drama freed from those shackles of coherence, unity, and sense, which have made playwriting so difficult in the past. The lines, often excellently rhythmic and made of words that sing as the beauty of good prose or poetry without the handicap of having to mean something. For this drama meant nothing, means nothing, and could mean nothing in itself of interest to anyone but a practising psychologist. Not even the rules that govern nonsense stand in the way of a complete anarchy of suggestive but unintelligible sound.

But even Gertrude Stein exercises one restraint. She misuses words, but she does not invent them. Hence there were sounds that were recognizable, even if unintelligible in their context, with known human equivalents upon which producer and composer could take hold. "Mountains" means mountains; "grass," grass; a "saint," a saint, no matter how absurd the context. And thus upon a fortunate collection of syllables, many of them beautiful, and a discontinuity beside which the mad scenes of Elizabethan drama seem natural, the characteristic showmanship of our time builds up a structure of music, action, and scene which fascinates the audience as would a movie run backwards or a charade in an asylum for actors out of their minds. But unlike movie and charade this dementia is beautiful. The slow funeral march of the last act or wedding of corpses, or the translation of an African saint, or ballet of the martyrdom of the 11,000 virgins, or whatever it was, might have been imagined by the disintegrating ghost of Shakespeare, vaguely remembering the march out of the legion with the dead bodies of Antony and Cleopatra, having forgot who they were and what it was all about, except that there was a beauty in marching to music which once had reason, though its meaning is lost.

Here is an epitome (if one wishes to take this sort of thing philosophically) of the breakdown of every system from capitalism backward that has ever existed in the memory of civilization. Here is a noble language reduced to its sound and suggestions, like the utterances of barbarous Northumbrians muttering delightedly *arum, orum, nobis, saecula* after their priest, but with an exotic sophistication of meaninglessness which they could never attain. And here is a producer of exquisite talent and a skilful composer creating a visible body and an intelligible music for this anarchy of words, by recalling to the puzzled but fascinated audience memories of more comprehensible art—or near art; the drama of Racine, the minstrel show and "Porgy," Italian opera, and anything else that could be made to cohere long enough for music and setting to hold together. A *tour de force!* No earlier age could have equalled it. No earlier age would have wished to.

And last irony, this *jeu d'esprit* of sophisticated incoherence is sung and acted by a race supposedly less rational, more naive than ours, with heavenly voices and agile bodies, who, with a dignity impossible to Europeans, play through this farrago of no-sense, getting out every ounce of wit and beauty the producer and composer have given it, and rejoicing in the rhythm of the meaningless words. It is surely ironical that the chief instrument of the naive in our civilization, the moving picture, should have been used for Jean Cocteau's sophisticated incoherence (so closely related to Gertrude Stein's); and for Gertrude Stein's last word in the sophisticated non-representative absurdity into action! With what passionate intensity does the chorus search for magpies in the grass! And why not take it all at the face value of scene and sound, except that here is a cardinal instance of how far in our artistic anarchy the talent of the producers (those dressmakers of art) whether in the movies or on the stage, excels the creative power of the workers in words. Either we overstuff the upholstery of some trivial or psychopathic furniture of the imagination; or at the other extreme—in the novel of current life, for example—let it all go in naked ugliness, where case histories of vicious little girls, depressed laborers, or depraved poor whites, are strung together as if the faculty that makes substance out of accident had retreated somewhere to wait for better times.

But as Theresa, Ignace, and another said so melodiously in the opera—

> They never knew about it green and they never knew about it she never knew about it they never knew about it they never knew about it she never knew about it.

And as Saint Chavez concluded—

> Who may be what it is when it is instead.

And that's that.

A number of hitherto unpublished letters of George Eliot are about to appear in London auction rooms. They are said to throw light on her association with G. H. Lewes.

"GOOD LORD, IS THIS A CROSS-SECTION OF MY READING PUBLIC?"

To the Editor: *Finding a New Basis for Individualism*

The Golden Mean—1934

SIR:—As world tensions grow, exponents of various "ways of life" redouble their clamor. Many of the literary sort are alarmed, with reason, because modern political and economic movements tend to submerge in a flood of mass-men or race-men the independent human personality and related cultural values. Prominent among these values is a "sound individualism," defined variously as moral or intellectual integrity, as a capacity for critical choice, or as plain common sense.

Despite their eagerness to preserve a way of life, despite their plea for "democracy" and a courageous leadership, the apostles of culture shrink consistently from attempting a positive description of the political and economic arrangements which can support a sound individualism in the modern world. Such a course would moral or artistic individualism bound up with a competitive economy? Is fascism, as the whisper goes, merely the last stand of capitalism, equally powerless for all its martial glitter to remove that physical distress which keeps the world in a ferment? Finally, can the incessant internecine strife between major groups of collectivists (socialists and communists) be honestly dismissed with gibes about radicals who do not agree, when the issues involved seem to be the following: (1) a socialist faith in democratic methods, in the educational and political approach, versus a communist trust in violence; (2) a socialist belief that the new order must inherit the moral and cultural riches of the past (including personal liberty), versus a communist plan for wholesale liquidation of "leisure-class" values and the building of a proletarian culture.

Democracy must rest finally on free consent of the governed, not on consent at the bayonet-point, not on mob-response to the violent emotional appeals of fascism or communism. A wise choice of the governed is not furthered by those content to long for a golden past, to hymn an individualism absolute, unclothed in specific beliefs and deeds. High integrity may be the same in any age, as searchers for "constants" tell us. But its manifestations are various; it no longer abides in that individual who neglects the social implications of his thought and action. That which yesterday was the wise choice, the golden mean, is far off center today. Is it not time for the defenders of culture, who sneer with facility at the unreasoning crowd, who bewail our lack of an ethical leadership, to consider seriously their failure to discuss the most vital aspects of a question which they themselves raise? While a Spengler proclaims democracy's doom, will they sit futilely among their books and wonder if he is right?

ALBERT L. WALKER.
The University of Iowa,
Iowa City, Iowa.

Nolte's "Memoirs"

SIRS—In my review of Vincent Nolte's "Memoirs" (*Saturday Review*, March 17), I quoted at some length from Mr. Rascoe's enthusiastic introduction to the book. I prefaced my quotation by writing: "Let me quote a few of Mr. Rascoe's seductive words." And I followed the quotation by writing: "I quote Mr. Rascoe, in fairness to Nolte. . . ." But when the review appeared in print the quotation had been so cut down, and had been so garbled in the cutting, that it was meaningless in the context. The words spared by the editorial pencil were not "seductive," and their quotation gave no evidence of a desire for "fairness" to Nolte. I should appreciate your printing this letter as an explanation to Mr. Rascoe, and to any readers who may have been puzzled by a reviewer's apparent flight from sanity.

BEN RAY REDMAN.
New York City.

We reproduce the omitted quotation in full: "In his memoirs a panorama of the history of Europe and of North America passes before our eyes. We see him watch the rise and fall of Napoleon, arranging for some banking matters for the Pope, in audience with the young Queen Victoria son, meeting Audubon at the Falls of Juniata before Audubon had become famous as an ornithologist, baring his head at the grave of Potemkin, watching the defense of New Orleans by Andrew Jackson, calling upon Henry Clay in Kentucky, recounting anecdotes of such personalities in art and literature as Ingres, Delacroix, Landseer, Byron, Lamartine, Goethe, and James Fenimore Cooper, telling about the foundation of the Biddle family in Philadelphia and of the Astor fortune in New York, giving his version of the Aaron Burr matter and of the reason why the United States Bank suspended specie payments, and combining within himself an apprehension of, and an identification with, all that was going on in the two hemispheres about which he writes."

Marginal Notes

SIR:—May I point out what is, to me, a common fault in book making? The application of the formula that the width of the outer margins shall be twice the width of the inner margins gives me much inconvenience and discomfort in reading. This formula is based on the assumption that every two successive pages form a plane or flat surface. Since this is rarely true in actual reading, the result is that the middle margin, measured when in reading position, is only one-half the width of the outer margin.

The greatest discomfort comes in rhythmic succession, as I come to the end of every line of the left page. Because the page begins to have a spherical surface my eyes strain to follow the words around the curve. The left page throws a half-inch shadow-ribbon vertically on the inner edge of the right page which increases my reading difficulties. Certain technical improvements in binding may help to overcome the difficulty but the fundamental remedy is to increase the width of the inner margins.

HENRY HARAP.
School of Education,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Mary Rotch

SIR:—I am attempting to collect all information possible concerning Mary Rotch (1777-1848) of New Bedford, Massachusetts. I shall be grateful if any persons who have knowledge of any letters or journals of hers would write to me.

MURRAY G. HILL.
20 Oak Knoll Gardens
Pasadena, California.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE OPPERMANNS. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. *Viking.* The story of a Jewish family in Nazi Germany.

ART AS EXPERIENCE. By JOHN DEWEY. *Minton, Balch.* A volume on esthetics for the layman.

HOXSIE SELLS HIS ACRES. By CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE. *Coward-McCann.* A novel in verse.

This Less Recent Book:

COMPANY K. By WILLIAM MARCH. *Smith & Haas.* Fictionized sketches presenting a cross-section of the A. E. F.

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More Than a Murder Mystery

THE NINE TAILORS. By Dorothy L. Sayers. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

I LIKE my corpses bad. I want my interest not my sympathies roused by a crime story, so that I prefer to know, from near the beginning, that the Huddled Shape which starts the trouble is the body of a man better dead than alive. And when this is settled, I also like them bad in another way; a trifle mutilated, or not so fresh as they were. They must not shock my finer feelings, if any, but they can do anything the author pleases to my pictorial imagination: the gruesomer the better.

Miss Sayers gives generous measure in this as in other respects in "The Nine Tailors," her latest Lord Peter mystery. Woman and girl I have known no nastier human relic than the one that apparently burrowed its own way after death into somebody else's grave in her quiet country churchyard, since by evidence no one could have put it there. Nor do I remember one which left me more indifferent as to the identity of its murderer; for this book is much more than a crime story. I should still have enjoyed it if the mystery had remained insoluble, or even turned out to belong to the infuriating Great Ape school of unfair unravelment. As a matter of fact the explanation of the mystery is extremely ingenious, humanly consistent and inherent in the story from the first chapter. I cannot claim that this is anything like the first strictly fair detective story that has kept its secret from me until the last chapter, but I think it is the only one since her "Murder Must Advertise" appeared which I did not stop reading for a second in order to conjecture about the solution: the background and the characters were too engrossing.

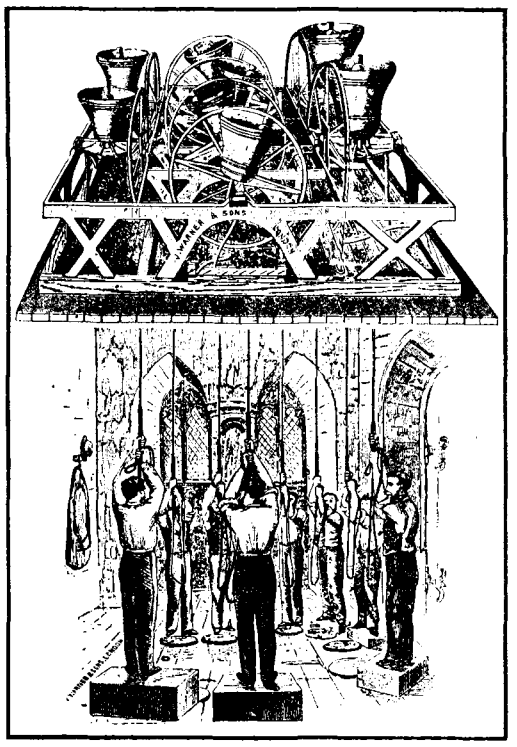
Dorothy Sayers must be an East Anglian to have woven in unobtrusively, so many of those sure local touches which make the reader who knows that part of the world feel (wrongly) "No one but myself could properly appreciate this book,"—the most flattering illusion that an author can give.

That wind-swept, dyke-riven, sparsely populated country, where the sea seems always on the prowl to reconquer the land that has been wrested from it, breeds a big-boned, irritatingly stolid lovable race of people with a great fondness—which she brings out superbly — for a joke that is also an old friend. Once an East Anglian gets settled down with a congenial joke he repels efforts to change it as he does any other efforts to prise him loose from old associations. Miss Sayers's deliberately pointless repetitions of a typical witticism, "Why don't they refer it to Geneva, see?" made me slightly homesick. So did the constable—" 'Now who found this here body?'—'Me and Dick.'—'Name?' said the constable.—'Go on Jack, you knows me well enough.' —'That don't matter, I've got to do it the proper way. Name?' " And so did the delightful inquest, with the whole village eagerly prompting the witnesses before they could give their evidence. This *is* East Anglia. I have one quarrel with her—the smallness of it is a measure of the excellence of her local color—I don't and can't and won't believe that she ever heard a native of our district say "muck of sweat" and not "muck-sweat." Blood has flowed along the dykes on no greater provocation than this. And may again if we ever meet among them.

It is as well that this finely exciting yarn, which starts very quietly, should end with the wild wastage of engulfing waters charging over their old enemy, the land, and the frightful clamor of Tailor Paul, the great church bell that tolls nine times for a death, calling now that the floods are out, a local emergency in which all human enmities must be forgotten.

* *

E. Arnot Robertson, herself a native of East Anglia, has written of this region in her recent novel, "Ordinary Families." Her other novels include "Four Frightened People" and "Three Came Unarmed." Miss Robertson is at present in this country.



RINGING THE CHANGES*
Much of the action of "The Nine Tailors" depends on bell-ringing in a country church.

* From "History and Art of Change Ringing," by Ernest Morris (Chapman & Hall.)

The Story of a Child Prodigy

THE BRIGHT LEXICON. By Donald Culross Peattie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY

IN spite of a somewhat conventional beginning and an unnecessarily melodramatic end, Mr. Peattie has written an effective and moving study of character in his new novel. "The Bright Lexicon" is in the lush emotional vein made popular by such books as "The Constant Nymph," and deals with similar temperaments. Its hero is a brilliant, high-strung prodigy of cosmopolitan origins and diverse experience, who is in love with a young Russian girl almost as quietly sensitive as Miss Kennedy's Tessa. Without being in any sense an imitation, their disordered and precocious romance has something of the same tense neurotic atmosphere, and possesses much the same power of making the reader believe momentarily in all their unlikely doings. The prodigy's slow development of character is the principal business of the book, and is successfully shown by the author, though as a novelist Mr. Peattie still lacks sureness and complete skill in construction, too often abandoning his main purpose in order to create secondary situations which serve only to delay the account of his hero's unhappy childhood as a *Wunderkind*.

Yet on the whole this is a satisfactory performance and one promising much for the author's future, largely because of his ability to vitalize his picturesque people and make their violent and bizarre emotional disturbances seem both understandable and poignant. He is at his best, also, in picturing the Riviera scene in which his intrigue takes place,—not the smart Riviera of the international tourist, but the considerably more important coast inhabited by Russian refugees, down-at-heel adventurers, and uprooted citizens of almost every nation.

It is the Place Masséna at Nice versus Eden Roc, in short, and after the multitude of emptily sophisticated books and plays which have placed their glamorous version of the Riviera before us, it is a relief to have it presented in far less artificial fashion in this dramatic and interesting novel.

Three Propagandist Novels

THE OPPERMANNS. By Lion Feuchtwanger. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $2.50.

MURDER—MADE IN GERMANY. By Heinz Liepmann. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $2.50.

GERMAN FAMILY. By L. C. N. Stone. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

THERE has always been literature—and great literature — which is propaganda, and it is only within comparatively recent times that a certain antinomy between the two words has arisen. This has been due to the fact that ever since the middle of the nineteenth century imaginative writers have felt increasingly compelled to occupy themselves with the practical social and political problems of the world in which they live. When propaganda is the thing, and when it is so superbly done as to transcend the immediate occasion, the propagandists have taken their place in literature. But, when propaganda usurps the place of creative imagination, and pragmatic values are substituted for esthetic—then we say: that may be excellent propaganda, but is it literature?

It is not always easy for the critic to raise this question when faced by a public deeply moved by the facts which have enlisted sympathy, aroused deep horror, or stirred up violent passion. At the moment, the effort to judge dispassionately seems futile, so little is one's audience concerned with anything other than its own emotions. As I was reading the books listed at the head of this review, I happened to engage in a symposium held by the Theatre Guild to determine (ostensibly) the merits of John Wexley's "They Shall Not Die." In the presence of an enormous audience, wildly excited by the Scottsboro case, I was only too conscious of the futility of raising my lone voice to say that Mr. Wexley's play is, in my opinion, a bad play. That was not the issue, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I managed to explain that my refusal to greet Mr. Wexley as a fine dramatist must not be interpreted as an expression of indifference to the course of justice in the United States, or elsewhere.

Mr. Feuchtwanger is admittedly a competent craftsman and a writer of some standing in contemporary German literature. I do not think that his status or his success would be what they are in the world today, if his previous novels had been written with as little imaginative skill as "The Oppermanns." He would, in fact, be as obscure as Mr. Liepmann, who is not merely the author of "Murder—Made in Germany," but has also written a prize novel, published in seven countries—but who is, none the less, not a name to conjure with. The present work is a readable restatement in fiction form of the brutal horrors of the Nazi régime. If there are people who have not been interested enough to acquaint themselves with the facts as reported elsewhere, Mr. Liepmann may instruct and terrify them. He himself, unlike Mr. Feuchtwanger, actually lived through the terror, finally escaping from a concentration camp. "I will," he says, "answer with my honor, my livelihood, and my life for the fact that all the incidents in this book have actually happened."

Mr. Feuchtwanger, on the other hand, declares that "not one of the characters in this book existed as an actual individual within the boundaries of the German Reich during the period of 1932-1933." The novel does not deal with actual people and the descriptions are taken from various sources. The original title, "Die Geschwister Oppenheim," was selected because a family in Germany named Oppermann insisted that their name was strictly Gentile and that they should not be branded as Jews. In the English translation they are again exposed to the peril from which the author so magnanimously saved them, when the book was published in Holland. One might have thought that this latter fact alone would have sufficed, since the novel would presumably be banned from Germany.

It is the story of a Jewish family of civilized, decent Germans, whose peaceful existence is completely disrupted. Martin is the head of a furniture business, Edgar is a doctor, Gustav is writing a book about Lessing. Ruth is a Zionist and the only race-conscious member of the family. They are not deeply interested in politics and certainly never think of themselves as heroes or martyrs. They all work hard and honestly in their own fields, and feel that they are contributing in general to the life of the nation of which they are a part. They cannot conceive of their positions being challenged and they are not unduly perturbed by the approaching catastrophe, until it descends upon them and they are ruined and scattered. In the end we find them in exile, one has committed suicide, another is a broken wreck who has been released from a concentration camp. Their misfortunes have almos restored their religious faith, and we witness a family reunion in Lugano on Seder Eve, when the liberation of the Jews from captivity in Egypt is celebrated. "Not Pharaoh alone hath risen against us," they read, "but in every age men have come up against us, to destroy us, but God hath delivered us from their hands." The goblet of wine for the savior-prophet, the forerunner of the Messiah, is set out, but once again the prophet does not come to drink it.

LION FEUCHTWANGER
Drawing by Georges Schreiber

Mr. Feuchtwanger is less concerned with the raw facts of Hitlerism than the firsthand witness, Mr. Liepmann; he has aimed at something more than a sensational shocker or propaganda, but his material does not permit him to soar very high. Neither does that of Mr. Stone's "German Family," which is similarly the narrative of a number of everyday German-Jewish lives, which end in flight and suicide. An English widow marries a German Jew in 1919, takes her two children to Cologne, and learns, not always easily, to adapt herself to the huge clan of relatives which seems to be the chosen burden of the Chosen People. Her daughter likewise marries a Jew and goes through the same process, but without allowing herself to be submerged. They are all happy until the Hitler shadow falls upon them; then the story follows the pattern which every novel of this kind must follow, to the inevitable boredom of the reader. It is not so much a reflection on the writers themselves as a recognition of the very premises of such novels as these, that any one of them is as good or as bad as any other, in the sense that the events themselves are too close and too similar for effective imaginative re-creation.

The James Tait Black Memorial Prizes, awarded annually in Great Britain, have been announced for 1933. The fiction award went to A. G. Macdonell for his "England, Their England." The prize for the best biography went to Mrs. Violet Clifton's "The Book of Talbot," a life of her husband, Talbot Clifton, the explorer and traveller. These awards were instituted as a memorial to James Tait Black, the Edinburgh publisher.

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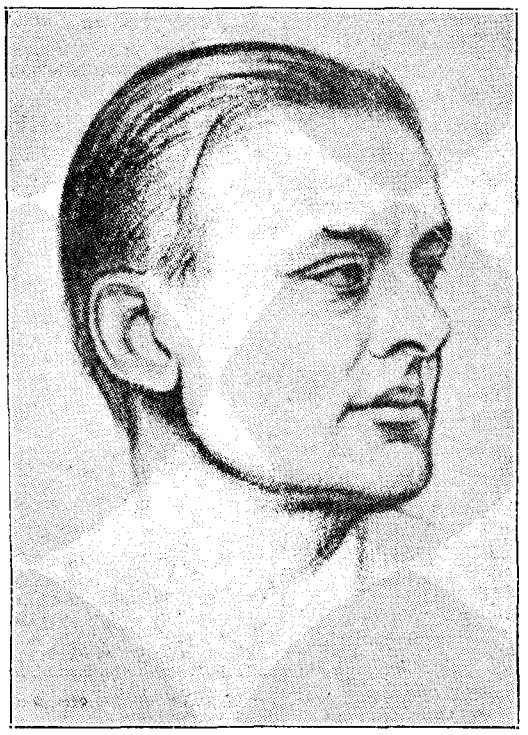
T. S. Eliot on Criticism

THE USE OF POETRY. By T. S. Eliot. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN CROWE RANSOM

MR. ELIOT writes about critics as he has written about poets: with a citation, a precisely qualified approval or disapproval, perhaps an extended discussion going almost into the profession of principles. But he does not quite profess to principles; he is the most particularistic critic that English poetry and English criticism have met with.

He does not like to raise his head from the text. And it is the source of his strength; nobody else is so constant in his reference to the thing itself. A critic of this sort we may call intensive in his method. The other sort, whom we may call the extensive critic but who will be more immediately recognized if we call him the dogmatic critic is much more common with us. On the whole the dogmatic critic has done a great deal of damage to our understanding of poetry. Confronted with a poem, it is never certain that he can receive its effect; he has for his fatal equipment a handy body of critical doctrine to apply quickly; for it is part of his position that he must be prepared to do a large business, in fact to attend to all the business that comes, and therefore to act with the speed and the decision that a tax assessor exhibits. The tax assessor is within his rights, he has only to find the market value of the object appraised; but the object of criticism has no automatic public status and in itself is infinitely various, suggesting an apparatus of appraisal which is delicate, laborious, provisional, and never dogmatic.



T. S. ELIOT
A drawing by William Rothenstein, from The Studio

It is widely understood that Mr. Eliot, who here writes about critics, is himself a great critic. It is not an adjective I approve, being indeterminate in meaning and something less than adult, let us say collegiate, in its tone; but the public hungers for it, and Mr. Eliot himself fancies it, and uses it often of his poets, along with its degrees of greater and greatest. But let us at least apply it to Mr. Eliot with some connotation. When he says that Coleridge was perhaps the greatest of English critics, I should add, "of a certain sort"; feeling that among the rarer tribe of intensive critics Eliot himself is greatest.

His name is identified now, for many people whose experience has a public importance, with what is most acutely perceptive and intellectually honest in the understanding of poetry. The people I refer to are not only the critics and men of letters who publish, but more especially the groups of alert student minds in scores of colleges and universities, who will publish tomorrow. I am afraid their interest in Mr. Eliot is, more often than not, extracurricular. They may have to introduce their professors to Eliot, find them upon being introduced more antipathetic than otherwise, and respect or disrespect them accordingly. Mr. Eliot's are not quite the books to fit snugly into academic programs. One of the spirited chapters in the present volume is on Matthew Arnold, who emerges after a good many kind notices not so much as the critic but as the educator in criticism. Educators like to use poetry for their special ends: to fortify moral, religious, or social causes to make for righteousness. Professors of literature may make their role much easier, of course, if they conceive themselves as professors of morals, or, trying to avoid that, as professors of philology—taking that term to cover the gathering of all the mechanical and external data possible about the poem rather than the study of its real or inner effects.

But the lay critics are quite as capable of abusing poetry through dogmatism; the critical specialists whose equipment consists in one or two ideas apiece. Thus the Freudians and the Marxians, of whom it still seems incredible that they should really have undertaken to bring the arts under their jurisdictions. And thus others a shade or two more comprehensive in their tastes, those interested purely in the genetics of literature, or in its sociology, or in some religious or philosophical value; with these we are getting back into the academic circle. Preoccupations like these lead perhaps to the discovery of some of the meaning of poetry, they lead also to indifference as to the rest, which is almost certainly the most. Mr. Eliot, with no preoccupations, with a receptivity doubtless as perfect as any English reader has yet attained, is precisely the critic whose example we have needed. He is a milestone in the history of criticism.

Nevertheless it is likely that many readers have put down the present book with a slight feeling of grievance. Writing a whole book on criticism, Mr. Eliot was at last, we thought, going to offer a systematic critical theory; a bold big structure of principles accounting for the brilliance of his practice. It would be a "classical" theory, whatever that meant; for Mr. Eliot had once committed himself on that point, at the time when he announced himself as royalist in politics, Anglo-Catholic in religion, and classical in literature. But there is nothing about the classical in this book; and there is no adoption of doctrine whatever.

The classicism of Mr. Eliot must be interpreted as very much like his humanism, or his Aristotelianism, or his emphasis on intelligence, taste, and common sense. These are terms which he refuses to define, and uses constantly and almost interchangeably; and having come to this conclusion I think I can state at last Mr. Eliot's critical Credo. He has written it, and its Articles are numbered in a hard consecutive style, though they will not be found to amount to quite so positive an expression of faith as we might desire. The passage occurs in an earlier essay, "Second Thoughts on Humanism." I take the liberty to substitute "criticism" for "humanism," and I quote scatteringly.

I. The function of criticism is not to provide dogmas, or philosophical theories. Criticism is not concerned with philosophical foundations. When it proceeds to exact definitions, it is something other than itself.

II. Criticism makes for breadth, tolerance, equilibrium, and sanity. It operates against fanaticisms.

IV. It is critical rather than constructive.

VII. Criticism is valuable (a) by itself, in the "pure critic," who will not set up poetry as a substitute for philosophy and religion, and (b) as a mediating and corrective ingredient in a civilization founded on definite belief.

Mr. Eliot in the present book praises the taste which Mr. I. A. Richards exhibits in his appreciation of actual poetry, and then indicates sufficiently, or at least to my satisfaction, that the general theory of literature which Mr. Richards constructs is not competent. He does much the same thing for Arnold and Coleridge. The implication is that it is a pity Richards and Arnold and Coleridge had not stuck to the exercise of taste and shunned the pursuit of theory; that taste is prior to theory and renders theory unnecessary; that in fact a theory of literature is not possible. But the evidence for this conclusion is only the fact that certain critics, or all critics if necessary, have found themselves unable to articulate theories big enough and precise enough to accommodate their actual judgments. Now it makes a great deal of difference whether the theories are only insufficient in their scope or positively misguided.

But Mr. Eliot's nicety on this point is somewhat ridiculous. It probably has a temperamental basis, or a basis in personal history, which cannot be accepted. Criticism cannot really be independent of theory. It requires fresh and delicate perceptions, but what is perceived is constantly being judged, or brought under patterns which the mind has carefully acquired. Criticism is a science, and a science must know what it is doing. The Aristotle who dropped a few pertinent comments in the "Poetics" may be the Aristotle whom Mr. Eliot admires, but there was also an Aristotle who constructed vast systems.

In at least one instance Mr. Eliot himself, who is always giving evidence of his own arduous studies, has initiated a new branch of criticism. In his well-known essay on the Metaphysical Poets he was struck by the fact that the poet of the seventeenth century had "a mechanism of sensibility which could devour any kind of experience"; but that something happened from which we have never recovered, something vaguely described as a "dissociation"; so that "the language of poetry became more refined, while the feeling became more crude." Hence the unsatisfactory nineteenth century, and hence the prime difficulty which confronts the gifted living poets, how to heal the split personality, how to poetize in an unfavorable intellectual climate. This is such an urgent study for investigation that the young poets and the young critics have waited almost breathless for Mr. Eliot to return to it. He has added nothing to his beginnings. It is a brilliant example of how poetry, to say nothing of criticism, must wait on theory. And if we are told that a critic initiated this study but must leave its completion to some psychologist or philosopher, then we are being told that our reputed critics cannot be trusted with hard jobs in criticism.

So here is Mr. Eliot, an acute and versatile critic, a blaster of critical reputations wherever they rest on bad judgments, or on theoretical structures which are too slight. His influence is very large both in the positive and in the negative. He is able to say quite truly about the vast and muddy volume of literary criticism that we have inherited: "Few forms of intellectual activity seem to have less to show for themselves, in the course of history, in the way of books worth reading, than does criticism." What comes out of this assemblage of items when we survey it? Perhaps a prophecy.

By the year 2033, perhaps by the year 1983, if the continuity of our literary development is not broken in some collapse of the political or economic pattern, criticism will possess a degree both of precision and of substantiality incomparably beyond what we or the former generation have known. Theory will have been pushed much farther; critics will have become technically learned and dialectically expert; perception will have been re-educated to poetry. The event will owe much to the Mr. Eliot of the 1933 volume. Also, though this sounds contradictory, it will take place in spite of Mr. Eliot.

John Crowe Ransom, professor of English at Vanderbilt University, has written several books of poetry and criticism.

A Letter to Stuart Chase

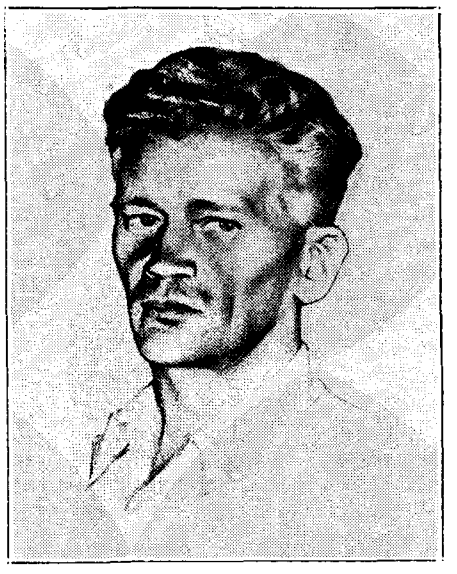
(Continued from first page)

tion in order to leave the amount of time necessary for the maximum efficiency in consumption. Worse than this, you seem to assume that even in the coming society the lives and welfare of human beings are to be subordinated to the demands of industry. This is particularly conspicuous in what you have to say about mobile dwellings. I can not conceive of any inducement that would lead workers to live a life of modern nomadism, giving up all idea of owning their own homes, except the necessity of following the job. And why should a super-capacious productive plant make any such demand of its workers? The main reason why a man likes to "sit under his own vine and fig-tree" is not that they yield grapes and figs, but that they are his own. You say for yourself, "I will not give up my home without a battle." Why should the wage-earner be forced to give up his? And a piece of land is at least as real a part of a home as a house.

In brief, it does not seem to me that you give adequate attention or consideration to the requirements of human happiness, to the essential conditions of self-realization. Your approach is still too much tinged with the materialism and technicalism of the age of machines and scarcity. If you counter by saying that these are matters that lie outside the scope of your research and analysis, that opens the door to one of the questions I propose to ask in a moment.

In the second place, you do not seem to be willing to follow your own analyses to their logical conclusion. You proclaim the inevitability of a socialized economic order, and draw a picture of an industrial general staff sitting in command of the situation. Yet all your discussions seem to contemplate the continuance of the basic relations of employer and employee, of buyer and seller, or borrower and lender. I do not discover in this book any intimation of, or eagerness for, a thoroughly reorganized—revolutionized, if you like—industrial, commercial, economic system. Your eighteen indispensable terms of operation, radical though they will seem to the Scarcity man, do not involve any fundamental structural changes. You rely on a stiffening of regulation, rather than on a change in ownership. Am I wrong in my conviction that, as long as industry operates on the basis of competitive profit-seeking, the more regulation there is the more will business operators be driven to increasingly desperate and disruptive methods in their determination to get the profits that they crave?

Why don't you go the whole way, Mr. Chase? Why don't you admit that economic competition and profits are both functions of scarcity, and that neither, in the accepted sense, has any place in an economy of abundance? Why don't you recognize that social ownership and operation—not regulation—of at least all basic industries, and all economic activities involving monopoly, is the logical conclusion of your own arguments? You say that "Mr. Roosevelt has been moved—or perhaps forced—to a direct attack upon the institutions of vendibility." Yet some of the features of the New Deal, with their



STUART CHASE

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manifest purpose to support the capitalistic formula by the creation of an artificial scarcity, are an equally direct attack upon the principle of serviceability. Why don't you ask Mr. Roosevelt to which of these contradictory principles he is really committed? If the present inconsistencies are to be extenuated on the ground of the exigencies of a transition period of recovery, which of these principles does the President expect and intend to have in force in the stable era of reconstruction?

So, Mr. Chase, why don't you consider that your task of exposing the faults, fallacies, and futilities of the capitalistic system is adequately performed for the present? If this new book of yours doesn't convince its readers of the complete uselessness of the old order, and arouse them to demand a new one, nothing will. Why don't you turn your unmatched talents and resources to two new objectives, first, the construction of a specific program of action that will be effective in bringing into existence the kind of a socialized order that you hint at, and second, definite and exhaustive research into the theory, technique, and art of consumption, so that when we get this new order we will know how to use it? A lot of us really want to do something. Show us what to do!

Appreciatively, hopefully, and always sincerely yours,

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

Henry Pratt Fairchild, Professor of Sociology at New York University, is the author of "The Foundations of Social Life."

Victims of Chance

THE SYCAMORE TREE. By Elizabeth Cambridge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is its author's second novel, and a remarkably uneven piece of work. Sometimes her gifs prove themselves brilliantly; sometimes they lead her to attempt things as yet beyond her powers. Her insight shows her a new meaning in ordinary lives, and in commonplace narrative patterns. Thus she takes the old story of a man imprisoned by circumstances in an uncongenial marriage and uncongenial work, who at last wins his way to freedom and the finding of himself; and at the end of this twice-told tale turns a new light on it, revealing, with a boldness reminiscent of Browning, that after all excuses have been made, the soul must always sit in judgment on itself and find that its unhappiness comes from some defect within. This is a real and a fine vision, and one that is needed by a generation ready to believe that circumstance is a full excuse for weakness.

But in carrying it out one must with great regret say that Miss Cambridge has been less than successful. She begins with her hero, Howell, as a boy; his parents have taken in a girl named Christabel, who is shown as utterly vain, shallow, and selfish; and young Howell sees this, with the undistorted sight of a child. Yet when they grow up, he marries her, and this, one of the mainsprings of the book, is never made convincing. It remains one of those hypotheses, like the disposal of Portia by lottery, which simply have to be swallowed for the sake of what is made of them; and not enough is made of this. In somewhat the same way, Howell's real wish is to be an engineer, but he becomes an aviator, first because of the war, and then keeps on with flying to make money for his wife; but he finds his soul in returning to his grandfather's farm (where there is the sycamore tree of the title), instead of following his bent. His devotion to the place is plain, but what virtue there is in making a life-work of farming for a man who dislikes it is no doubt felt by the author, but not communicated to us.

It is perhaps with some sense of these difficulties that Miss Cambridge dwells so long on her hero's childhood. Here her direct vision is at its best; the scenes before Christabel enters the household, and throughout the book some of the minor characters, as Howell's sister, are presented unerringly. It is one of those books in which the parts are greater than the whole, because they correspond better to the archetype in the author's mind.

The Bowling Green

The Folder

MAESTRO FORMAGGIO

SIR:—M—'s is having a tremendous special on Swiss cheese and I am maestro at a shiny steel machine which slices it fine as lace for milady or thick to the plebeian taste—and I've sold tons of it.

It occurred to me that I was privileged to view human beings at a seldom duplicated period in their experience—in that particular, supreme consummation of Epicurean ecstasy when man stands confronted by 500 pounds of Swiss cheese.

Fancy my position. I watch the shopper unconscious of destination thinking his ordinary thoughts—meandering along his peculiar circuitous route in pursuit of necessity or petty luxury.

He comes abreast of the cheese and suddenly his nasal passage is tickled by the aromatic vapors. He snaps into alertness with the shock of discovery—there is the moment of faltering self-control, and then with a rush comes that nose-wrinkling, ear-perking, hair stiffening paroxysm of pabular delight when the habiliments of man, the outward creature, drop away and leave the rodent naked and quivering in a dreamland of dairydom.

And I? What am I? A veritable cheese monger — major-domo of comestibles—captain of the curds—regent of the rennet. But I find that cheese requires an interlude—a frequent one and a complete so that I seek release from duress in some amber elixir of nescience.

Spring comes and with it a keen nostalgia for that lovely western island that we know. I want to walk barefooted at Punaluu with the sea wind breathing a song of tall brown warriors. Or there's a clear, cool pool—where, if you remember, Kamapuaa, the pig god, has his domain. There are guava and ti plant and hala trees in that valley.

Back in those hills the Chinese meadow larks are singing. People are sane there. They lie on lauhala-covered hikies, barefooted, and drink oke highballs;—and affairs may go to hell—at least until mahapi.

I wonder if the ohiia is scarlet in those purple mountains? Soon the awapuhi will be in bloom and o'nights the cereus will seem white cups of moonlight down near Punahou. Alohu nui loa.

MAC.

Nutley, New Jersey.

SPICED BEEF

SIR:—Mr. Stanley Horn's note on "Spiced Round" exactly tallied with the English spiced beef of my childhood and which I have never before heard of elsewhere.

My parents, both English, were married in 1864 and made their home in Montreal. Among other treasures which my Mother brought with her from the old country was a large red leather book on whose blue leaves were carefully inscribed the most favored of her Mother's recipes. I have the book still and on one of its pages, in rather faded ink read "Christmas Spiced Beef." Her Mother brought it from her home when she married, and I do not know how many generations of family brides before her had done likewise.

Its preparation was a sort of ritual shared by all the members of the family. The butcher must be notified early in November to let us know when he had procured just the right piece from which to cut it, and then the actual cutting must be done under my Mother's direction. It must be high up on the round, but not too high, so as to make a good thick piece, about twenty-five pounds. Then the bone must be removed and a good piece of kidney suet provided to later take the place of the bone. The marrow from that bone was served on toast very highly seasoned as a sort of promise of what was to come and no other marrow ever tasted so good. My Mother then donned the linen apron and oversleeves which she always wore on the rare occasions when she cooked, and herself made the spiced brine in which the meat was then kept for four weeks. After this the spiced suet was tightly packed into the hole left by the bone and the whole tied into shape while the assembled family watched or lent a helpful hand. The long slow roasting filled the house with delicious savory odors, which always seemed to me an essential part of Christmas eve. Then on Christmas Day itself it appeared in all its glory, not to share honors with the Christmas turkey but by itself at the lunch or supper table depending on whether dinner was at noon

REPORTING UNDER FIRE
From "The Mysterious Island"

or night, a noble roast to be cut in wafer thin pink spicy slices garnished with slivers of white fat. . . .

The family is scattered now but one New England daughter-in-law carries on the tradition, and it is my belief that not even the Nashville "Spice Round" could be more delicious than the "Spiced Beef" we partook of here in Conn. this last Christmas.

GLADYS NORTON EVANS.

Middletown, Conn.

"BROWSING INVITED!"

SIR:—In your March 10 "Bowling Green" you stated that "perhaps bookstores are not sufficiently appreciated as slow-down devices or zones of pause. . . . They are rarely crowded" . . . and that booksellers have perhaps too much time to think. . . .

Would you like the smallest hint *why*? Or to reverse the process, possibly you can answer a question for me: Can you or anyone else explain why booksellers, particularly the female of the species, deem it becoming to assume such formidable attitudes of condescension, and pained expressions of annoyance at the intrusion of customers? Are they paid solely for their self-contained erudition? Then *why* bother about standing around in empty stores all day? A chair by the fire would be much more comfortable and more conducive to contemplation. Business in literary commerce is apparently no more flourishing than in any other (q. v. the clearance book sales), but I wonder on beholding these forbidding Masks of Culture how a single book is ever sold.

Twice this week I had an urgent need of books. I screwed up enough courage to approach the Gates of Learning, to be repulsed as many times with a flat "We don't have them," tone and lifted brow imparting, not too gently, that only a moron would ask for such things; and no suggestion was made that the books might be ordered. With a feeling of first degree murder I crept away, darting one agonizing glance at the tables and shelves where I was dying to browse—and my pay envelope was burning in my pocket! The two books I sought had been recently reviewed very favorably in the *Saturday Review of Literature,* the New York *Times,* and other current literary periodicals; one as "an amazing achievement" and the other as "one of the best biographies of recent years." I was too "complexed" to make any further intrusions on the sanctums of these esoteric few, and finally purchased one book and ordered the other in the small book department of a ladies' store.

How many people go into bookstores with the exact knowledge of what they want? Is "Browsing Invited" nothing more than a card in a window (and I have only actually seen one such card in my life)?

After my little experience I later heard a High School Librarian (who has occasion to buy a representative number of books) comment on the same curt reception she had received in our two leading book stores, and I was satisfied that the masks were not assumed just for me and my small accounts.

You say that "the best kind of talk there is, is with one's self. . . . The bookseller has that chance; I wish we heard more of his musings. . . ." No, thank you, his musings don't interest me, though it might be amusing to hear what he thinks of himself.

A. T. H.

Cincinnati.

A NOTE ON GEORGE ENNIS

[*Some of whose paintings are now on view at Cronyn & Lowndes, Rockefeller Center.*]

I was watching George Ennis make the first sketch for a portrait. He studied his subject in very quick, serious, intent glances, and each time he looked he opened his eyes extraordinarily wide. (I hope this isn't going to make him [illegible] conscious.) If one might know exactly what it is that happens when a painter looks at anything with purpose to capture it we would understand more about the arts. How puzzling life is: when we were young we were told "you musn't stare;" yet here is George Ennis—by staring, and making queer skirmishes with colors, he achieves bold and beautiful results and is admired by serious people.

Mr. Ennis wrote a book once, *How to Make a Water Color;* he was rather startled when I said that what he wrote there about the technical procedures of painting was also among the wisest and most savory comments on writing. It satisfied me that all the arts are secretly akin. A writer may not always so frankly study the lineaments of faces and landscapes, but he too must open very wide whatever organs of perception he has.

What is it then (I ask myself) that George sees when he opens his eyes so wide? He does it, I think, not to see more but to see less; to see what *not* to put in. That kind of painting, not always pleasing to the academies, requires intuition in the beholder. Only after thoughtful examination of some of his scenes do you realize how daringly they exclude triviality and niceness. His passion for so genuine a place as Eastport is surely part of his instinct. And on a Florida beach, with a hurricane coming, he painted wildly until there was only just time to save both the picture and himself.

Neither you nor I, by taking thought or opening our eyes very wide, can see just what George Ennis sees. That is part of his unpredictable and starkly individual quality. He is himself so orderly, modest, unhairy, true to appointment and demurely unassertive, so unlike the artist of romantic rodomontade, he would pass almost anywhere unsuspected. So indeed he does, not wasting time or energy in being suspected, and so accomplishes much fine and startling work. It's only when you see him pencil or brush in hand, opening his eyes very wide in that sudden gaze of concentrated blue, that you realize he also, like all the nicest people, is just a little mad.

George must not mind what I say; I am not an art critic.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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A LITERARY BRAWL

"For God's sake keep your tongue out of that plate," shouted Meiklejohn. "I take you to a good Scotch pub and you quote a noisy, dirty-minded, untidy, romantical Englishman at me! I detest Shakespeare, and I'm damned if I'll listen to him for you or anyone else."

"Forgive me for uttering so naked a commonplace," Magnus said offensively, "but you drive me to it. Shakespeare is the greatest poet of all time."

"A fustian, long-winded, turgid, slovenly ranter who never missed the opportunity to make a dirty joke," retorted Meiklejohn.

"Name a better poet," said Magnus.

"Racine," answered Meiklejohn promptly.

"That dull, pedantical schoolroom exercise! That prosy, plodding, weary, unimaginative padding for a deserted library!"

"My dear fellow," Magnus repeated, "think of the profundity of Shakespeare, and the enormity of his invention. The range of his understanding. . . ."

Meiklejohn, equally in earnest and stammering in the speed of his desire to refute Magnus's assertions, said: "But think of Racine!"

"Racine is a bore," said Magnus.

"Shakespeare's a periphrastic, platitudinous peacock," said Meiklejohn.

Magnus began to recite Clarence's dream from *Richard III*, and Meiklejohn attempted to over-shout him with the passage from *Roxane* beginning: "*Ah! Je respire enfin, et ma joie est extreme.*"

"Will you listen to me?" said Magnus, and took Meiklejohn by the throat.

"I'm damned if I will," said Meiklejohn, and struck Magnus on the side of the head. It was a clumsy blow, but sufficient to unbalance him, and falling, he fell down several steps before he could recover himself.

But Meiklejohn, not yet defeated, opened his eyes and struggled to get up. Leaning on one elbow he said, very slowly and distinctly:

"*C'etait pendant l'horreur d'une profonde nuit.*"

Then, with the quotation of this ample and sonorous line for a last defiance, he collapsed and fell backwards on the stone.

The station sergeant was a benign little man with spectacles and he listened with sorrowful disapproval while the nature of Magnus's breach of the peace and assault upon Meiklejohn was described to him.

"A person like you shouldn't be found brawling in the streets," he said, "for if you want to get drunk you can do it quietly and decently in your own house."

Magnus bowed under the rebuke. "I can only apologize," he said with rather ponderous courtesy. "I'm afraid that I lost my temper. My friend and I were discussing a literary problem, and literature, if you take it seriously, is a great breeder of quarrels. I once knew a man who was shot for describing another's verses as catalectic, which they were. But the author thought he had said 'cataleptic.'"

"That may be," said the sergeant. "But the constable says you were using very filthy language."

"I was quoting Shakespeare."

The sergeant scratched his chin. "There was a man brought in on the same charge last week, and he said he had been quoting the Bible."

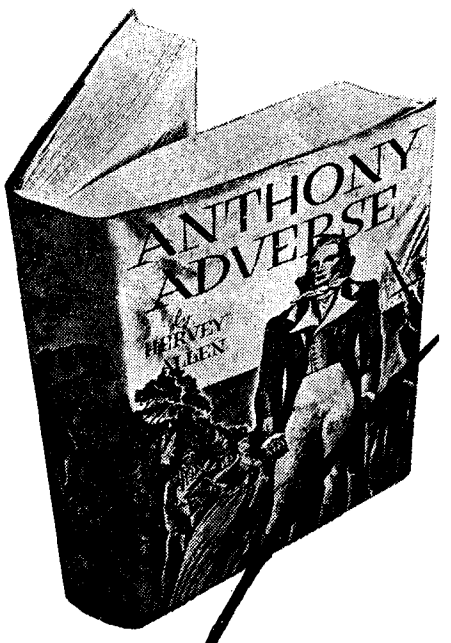
—from MAGNUS MERRIMAN
by *Eric Linklater.*

MEN UNDER FIRE

Men who have faced death often and habitually can never again have the same attitude towards life. It is hard to be enthusiastic about little things again.

A big high explosive shell came over so close to us we felt sure from its sound it was going to burst very near. There is nothing worse than listening to the increasing howl of a shell and realizing that *this* time it really is going to burst near you. How near? That is the vital question. This particular shell burst several hundred yards away, tearing through the trees and crashing with a red flash that lit up the road and the columns of troops. Then we heard those awful agonized screams and cries for help that so often followed. It is impossible to make people at home understand what listening to them does to your brain. You can never get rid of them again.

—from TOWARD THE FLAME
by *Hervey Allen*



BY
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Toward the Flame

Trial by Jury

"TAKE THE WITNESS!" By Alfred Cohn and Joe Chisholm. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM JAY HOFF

THIS book is primarily the professional biography of Earl Rogers, the lawyer who dominated the criminal bar on the Pacific Coast for the two decades before we entered the World War. It recounts the dramatic story of his life against the background of crime and lawlessness in which he moved. The inherent pathos and color of his activities are well brought out, both in short anecdotes and in fairly detailed accounts of some of Rogers's more famous appearances for the defense.

From those of his trials which are recorded in some detail, we are left with the conviction that Rogers, through a mastery of the rules of evidence, of psychology, of medical jurisprudence and of histrionics, saved many a guilty defendant from walking up the thirteen steps that lead to the gallows. No effort is made to conceal this. "The records show that close to a hundred slayers escaped the gallows through the efforts of Earl Rogers; and there is little doubt that most of them were guilty enough to have merited the extreme penalty." He looked upon every case as a game. Bluff and daring coupled with intense dramatization were the levers he used to sway his juries and introduce a "reasonable" doubt. Rogers left nothing undone in his preparation of a criminal case; his detectives supplied him with all the intimate details of the jurors' lives; he completely memorized the testimony of many witnesses so that he could cross-examine them more effectively; "second guns" appeared, thus conveniently affording a basis for a plea of self-defense; he was present when the District Attorney made a surprise visit to the cemetery in the dead of night to exhume the body of a "corpus delicti."

Earl Rogers was master of the technique of cross-examination. He excelled at "not bringing a serious cross-question or an argument to a verbal conclusion, although making (the) inference apparent. Leaving the obvious deduction to the jury would lead them to believe that they had ferreted out the unavoidable construction from the premises themselves. . . ."

Even a superficial study of the careers of highly successful criminal lawyers such as Rogers, Fallon, Leibowitz, or Darrow inevitably raises queries regarding certain aspects of our criminal procedure. The presumption that a man is innocent until proved guilty does not require the lawyer to pass judgment on the accused; it is still the attorney's duty to make out the strongest case possible for his client. And, even if the over zealous efforts of counsel for the defense are often matched by similar actions on the part of the prosecution, the question remains whether justice might not more often be reached if we forced more strict adherence to the evidence of a case, unadorned by the pyrotechnic displays of brilliant counsel.

It is common knowledge that juries today are often swayed more by dramatic demonstrations and emotional appeals than by any detached appraisal of the evidence presented. Some changes in our jury system seem inevitable. It is not my purpose to make any conjecture regarding what form these changes will take. Certainly, though, any suggestion to substitute a panel of judges for the jury (assuming, for the sake of argument, that the necessary constitutional amendments could be secured) would raise a hue and cry greater by far than that raised when a criminal took to flight in the early days of Anglo-Saxon law. Trial by jury, the so-called right to be judged by one's peers, has become an emotional heritage. However, we might well stop to consider how vastly different are the conditions existing today from those under which our jury system took root. When the talesmen knew the witnesses as neighbors it was a much easier assignment for them to weigh the evidence. The testimony of each witness could be judged in the light of the known qualities of the person on the stand. If he was an alarmist, the jurors would be aware of it. If he had a particularly keen memory, that would be known. Today the gentlemen of the jury must rely wholly on the impressions they get while the witness is actually giving his testimony. The average man who is our juryman is not enough of a psychologist or analyst to cope with the subtleties of our leading counsel. The jury can no longer weigh the evidence, it must reach its verdict from dramatized versions of what might have occurred.

She shot the man she loved...This is the story she was never allowed to tell the jury. "An exciting story adroitly told."—N.Y. Sun $2.00

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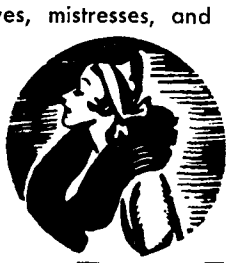

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THE Unforgotten Prisoner

by R. C. HUTCHINSON

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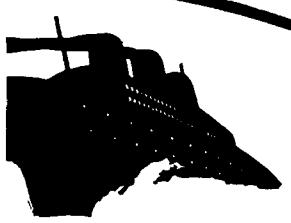

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A Foreigner Looks at American Life

THE AMERICAN ADVENTURE. By M. J. Bonn. New York: The John Day Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

NO reasonable American could ask for a more sympathetic or on the whole a more understanding account of his country by a foreigner than this of Dr. Bonn's. It is based on such solid documents as "Recent Economic Changes," "Recent Social Trends," and the better-thought-of native interpretations; and is informed, of course, by Dr. Bonn's personal experience gained in long residence. For European readers it should be extremely valuable, but there is little in it that well-read Americans do not know, or suspect, already.

Originally published in Germany in 1930, the book was revised last year for the English edition and may have had some further reworking for American readers; the three different figures given in various places for the Socialist vote in 1932 suggest a gallant and hasty endeavor to bring it up to date. The job has been done fairly well, but a good deal of the book inevitably relates more to the days of Coolidge than to the present. In treating so multiplex a topic it was inevitable that there should be a few mistakes and inconsistencies; but in the main Dr. Bonn has done about as good a job as anyone could. But for Americans it is a twice-told tale.

A few points may be cited that have, so far as this reviewer's reading goes, been neglected by native writers. "The history of the United States is really a history of a huge speculative boom in real estate"; no news in that, or in the fact that the disappearance of the frontier ended that boom, even if optimistic purchasers of land did not immediatetly realize it. But Dr. Bonn thinks that the American standard of living was an attempt to provide a modern equivalent for that open door of opportunity that was once offered by free land in the West, and in that connection he has a better opinion of the instalment plan than is perhaps held by any American authority except Professor Seligman. (He insists on safeguards, of course; so did Seligman. Human nature, however, was in the way.) He points out something that is still hidden from most of the Americans who swear at dull razor blades, that mass production in some cases necessitates a deterioration of the product; "such a deterioration is often less risky than a reduction of advertisements." He further credits mass production with dealing the most deadly blow to Puritanism; an ethical theory which decried pleasure could not survive the growth of an industrial plant whose owners had to live largely by manufacturing such instruments of pleasure as the automobile and the radio. And some of our philosophers of capitalism might be pained by his observation that "the most important contribution which America made in the past century to the development of capitalist business enterprise was to free bankruptcy of moral taint."

That the country is at present undergoing anything like a revolution Dr. Bonn would not admit. The present program, which, with its "complete disregard of established traditions, the sudden change of fronts, the utter unconcern over more remote consequences, the mixing of contradictory economics, might almost be described as the encroachment of the cocktail habit on social legislation," is only "the most gigantic sunshine campaign the U. S. A. has ever entered on, the logical outcome of that passion for social engineering which has always animated the people of the United States." The Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay colonies, as well as others farther south of less cultural influence, were planned societies; Americans have always gone on planning, Burbanking. "Wrong planning" (the protective tariff, the cheap money policy of the Federal Reserve) "far more than the absence of planning is responsible for the present crisis."

Regarding the future, Dr. Bonn is prudently vague and gratefully optimistic; "the art of living on the North American continent is only beginning." Let us hope so.

"The recent death of Madame Alexandre Dumas," says a Paris correspondent of the London *Observer*, "marks the snapping of perhaps the last direct personal link with the great French Romantics." She was the widow of Dumas Fils, author of "La Dame Aux Camélias," who was born in 1824.

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Magnus Merriman

by ERIC LINKLATER

author of JUAN IN AMERICA

VOODOO DRUMS IN AMERICA

Alabama felt a magic descending, spreading, long ago. Since then it has been a land with a spell on it—not a good spell, always. Moons, red, with the dust of barren hills, thin pine trunks barring horizons, festering swamps, restless yellow rivers, are all part of a feeling—a strange certainty that above and around them hovers enchantment—an emanation of malevolence that threatens to destroy men through dark ways of its own. It is difficult to translate this feeling into words, yet almost every visitor to this land has known it and felt in some degree what I felt with increasing wonder during the six years I lived there. Hill-billies and niggers, poor whites, and planters, Cajans and Lintheads are sometimes aware of the intangible net that encompasses them. But the stranger is more apt to realize that sorcery is at work on these people and know that the land on which they live is its apprentice.

What the strange influence is or when it began is a matter for debate. . . . But those who really know, the black conjure women in their weathered cabins along the Tombigbee, say that on the memories of the oldest slaves their fathers knew there was one indelible imprint of an awful event—a shower of stars over Alabama. Many an Alabamian to this day reckons dates from "the year the stars fell"—though he and his neighbor frequently disagree as to what year of our Lord may be so designated. All are sure, however, that once upon a time stars fell on Alabama, changing the land's destiny. What had been written in eternal symbols was thus erased—and the region has existed ever since, unreal and fated, bound by a horoscope such as controls no other country.

Let those who scorn such irrationalities explain this state-that-is-another-land in ways they prefer. They may find causes economic and sociological quite as incredible as these fables and much less interesting. The Congo is not more different from Massachusetts or Kansas or California. So I have chosen to write of Alabama not as a state which is part of a nation, but as a strange country in which I once lived and from which I ha now returned.

—from STARS FELL ON ALABAM by *Carl Carme*

DOING WHAT YOU WANT

"There's never plenty of time," said Dad, "not if a lifetime was two hundred years. There's only time to do what you want most to do and whether you admit it to yourself or not, that's what you do. Everybody does. I always thought I might travel some if I ever got a light year's work ahead of me, and it used to seem as if I was just crazy to get going—you know, see how other folks lived, get on one of them big steamers, maybe look up places in England my mother's folks came from. But I never had time. Never could leave this old farm. . . . Why, hell, I could have walked out a hundred times and not a blade of wheat would have been any different, not a bird would have sung any the less. I realized a while back that I just didn't want to go—nothing could have hired me to go. I get sick, I can't sleep, hurt all over every goddam night I even spend away from this place. I could sit right here and tell you how my big dream in life was to travel but it would be a dam lie. Your insides tell you what to do and what you want most—just like a cravin' for buttermilk or greens or sweets is a sign your body needs some such. Yes, there's no such thing as being stopped in what you want to be or do—there's only what you do and your excuses for it."

Chris, embarrassed and hurt by his father's implied lack of belief in him, poured himself a drink. The sweet dry stuff burned his throat, brought every nerve to attention.

"I haven't wasted my time, Dad," he said. "There are just things I got to prove before I settle on the land. It's like a reward for doing other things not so much to my taste. Something won't let me ask for the reward till I've earned it."

"Reward or punishment, neither one is a serious way to look at a life work," Dad said, wiping his lips with his blue handkerchief. "If it comes easy and natural to you, then it's your work, like you took to manufacturing. If you make it something way off like an ideal, as I made travel and you made farming, then it isn't your real call, that's all, and don't fool yourself."

—from THE STORY OF A COUNTRY BOY by *Dawn Powell.*

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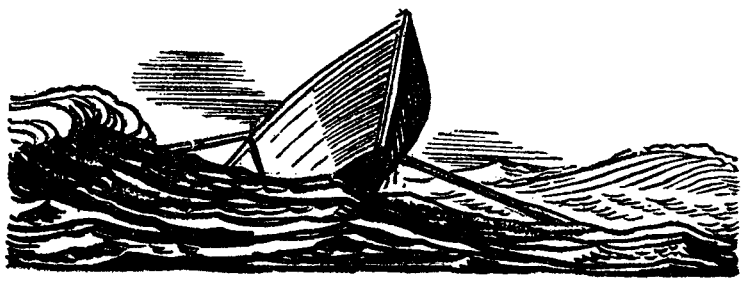

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HOXSIE SELLS HIS ACRES

By

CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

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A Procession of the Nineteenth Century

THE CHRONICLE OF CAROLINE QUELLEN. By Seton Peacey. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1934. $2.50.

MR. PEACEY, in his long chronicle, introduces us to a multitude of people, to so many in fact that individuals are for the most part swamped in the mass. Belles and beaux of the Regency, they swarm at hunts and balls. They change their names by marriage or by inheriting a title, and have innumerable children, generation upon generation. They have characters, not very vivid, but perceptible. Caroline Quellen, née Dom, is followed from birth till she has rounded her century. She lives to be over a hundred, sees the nineteenth century begin, and sees it close, a wise, strong old woman to the end, the dominant figure in a group of wealthy, upper middle class families, of the Bath and Cheltenham neighborhood. But the scene is too crowded. There are too many people, too many names, too many coats and dresses. The children grow up too fast, and the generations are blurred. There are glimpses of famous people: Wellington, Byron, Scott, Landor, the Prince Consort, the Queen; but these neither say nor do anything notable, and the Cheltenham families are not impressed by celebrity.

Is this a novel? Yes. But its ancestry is not so much "The Forsyte Saga" or "Anthony Adverse," as the huge library of memoirs, biographies, studies of eras and decades, social histories of all kinds, which have accumulated over the nineteenth century, and have illuminated and perhaps buried it. No century before was ever so swamped and disclosed. Yet, though Mr. Peacey's novel is a chronicle novel, it is not invertebrate. If its theme is rendering the flood of the generations, the attempt is successful. If its theme is the nineteenth century, that is another matter. You cannot picture the nineteenth century in a novel or any other kind of book; but Mr. Peacey makes time go by like a hurrying river, and the generations seem like the spate and ripples of its surface. He has made a large-scale symbol and has done it well.

Unseen Vanities

UNMENTIONABLES, FROM FIG-LEAVES TO SCANTIES. By Robert Cortes Holliday. New York: Long & Smith. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

THE ambition to write this book began at the age of fourteen, stimulated by another boy who collected girls' garters, of the encircling, not the suspender type, but each, it may be supposed, of some delicate association. The mind of the young Holliday, naturally literary, shifted from the thoughts of a career of like valor to the consideration of a school composition on the subject of garters and garter collecting. But the scheme did not mature. Philistia stood in its way. Not until years and enlightened custom had brought garters into public view and unembarrassed display did the urge to write about them return. Now, he said, it can be told. But the more the thing was studied, the more elastically it stretched. ("A foolish figure, but let it go.") After ten years of toil and accumulated learning, feminine underwear appeared to the philosophic mind as the foundation of, or related to, all known social phenomena.

But one must register a disappointment. As Teufelsdrockh's Philosophy of Clothes was not so much a philosophy as its editor imagined, at most only a Philosophy of Shams and Appearances, so does the History of Undies perform less than it promises. To say "Marjorie" instead of Woman, to call in a "Professor" when one has chunks of information to discharge, is pleasant rather than penetrating. Learning and liveliness must blend if they are to propagate. A Philosophy of Undies ought to be symbolic, shall we say mystic? Has the corset no more significance than its continence? Did crinolined legs walk in darkness for no more than this? Early Victorian Marjorie wore no drawers and hung her pantalettes from her knee. Something subtle lurks in the offing and eludes us. Is modern Marjorie in her scanties any less mysterious than the Pompadour in her cloud of lace? Is Elizabeth in ruff and thick embroidery more withdrawn than diaphanous Cleopatra? Is secrecy inherent in sex or in skirt? Are clothes no more than a revealing integument? It is a world of illusion. Garters appear and disappear. Slips slip away. Bustles and brassieres, petticoats and proprieties, varieties of virtue and Victorianism, the long story in which shyness plays tag with decorative allurement, and houri and hoyden walk innocent of psychoanalysis on heels that make polkadots in the snow—Mr. Holliday has treated it all with gayety, which is well, with an amused erudition most engaging. But after all femininity is a grave subject and difficult. He is light but not lyric. He does not explain "The Golden Treasury," or tell me why Marjorie, whether clothed or not, or bundled or diaphanous, is about as magical in one condition as another. A *ceinture de chastité* can be compromised by a duplicate key, and a gossamer chemisette be as prohibitive as a portcullis. These things are spiritual. Mr. Holliday is cheerful, but earthy. Probably our hopes are too high, and the questions we would ask cannot be answered while the seeds of mortality are in us.

Mexican Oil

BLACK RIVER. By Carleton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by LYNN CARRICK

TAMPICO in the oil boom days of some fifteen years ago is the scene of Carleton Beals's new novel. Oil booms are fantastic enough phenomena at best: add Mexico in the travail of revolution and you have all the qualities of a first class nightmare. Since Mr. Beals has chosen to present all phases of this incredible scene, "Black River" almost inevitably becomes a phantasmagoria, bewildering and never quite real.

Mr. Beals is, of course, an authority on his subject. Many of his characters are easily identifiable by one even casually acquainted with Tampico's flamboyant recent history and many of his most startling episodes have their basis in solid fact. His choice of the kaleidescopic method, while in keeping with the tempo and scope of his book, scarcely helps the reader to accept the reality of the weird interplay of characters and events. A higher degree of selection would have made this a better novel.

Primarily "Black River" is the story of the hypocritical attempt by American oil interests to bring about intervention by the United States in Mexico; they talked patriotism but all they really desired was protection for their flimsy titles to the oil lands. Simon J. Bartlett, Tampico oil king, was the "hero," and he failed largely because his henchman, Tom Guard, double-crossed him in the end. Bartlett's methods seem astounding even in these days of disillusionment about big-business ethics; one does not for a moment doubt that they were all actually employed in Tampico by a real Bartlett. Titles, such as they were, were obtained by intimidation or fraud. Failing this, Tom Guard's gorillas were not above more direct tactics. The CEMOC, as Bartlett's and Guard's company was known, bribed generals and bandits with bland impartiality. A venal newspaper man served his purpose in the scheme of things, as did a United States Consul. A woman was induced to sign an oil lease in the belief that it was a marriage contract. When necessary, bullets and firing squads could be called into play. The sky was the limit and oil the stake in as sordid a game as can be conjured up by an over-wrought imagination. Mr. Beals omits no details in the lurid drama that was Tampico: even prostitutes upon occasion influence the tide of fortune.

"Black River," as a book, is more violent, if possible, than the events which it narrates. An author's problem in attempting to interpret Latin America in its more melodramatic aspects to American readers is above all that of winning the reader's acceptance of an alien temperament which often alone can explain the action of the story. Conrad's "Nostromo" is perhaps the ideal example of a successful solution of this problem. Mr. Beals's book suffers from its lack of detachment, from its rapid tattoo of action piled on action. Despite the factual basis for much of the narrative the characters are not real. One is quite prepared to believe the worst of predatory concessionaires in a "backward" land, but would Bartlett, granting his course of action, have possessed quite so Machiavellian a purpose combined with such sheer brutality? One wonders. Does Big Business deliberately instigate international complications or merely blunder into situations from which only marines can extricate it? The present reviewer is not inclined to grant a super-mentality to our late captains of industry. But the train of events at Tampico and elsewhere entitles Mr. Beals to his thesis.

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Short Stories of the "Days When"

BROWNSTONE FRONT. By Guy Gilpatric. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS collection of short stories by the man who created in his former Glencannon tales a regular "Mulvaney of the Sea," carries a Foreword by Arthur Bartlett Maurice which, among other things, tells of the immediate popularity of "John L. Sullivan's Hat" when that yarn first appeared in a magazine. I don't wonder. The story is one of the best re-creations of a vanished era that I have seen for a long time. But all eight stories in this collection "take you back," into other and thoroughly American times, though the truth is that Mr. Gilpatric is not nearly so old as his narratives would make him seem. But he is a story-teller born, and his researches have enabled him to become part and parcel of the times of which he writes, when Dandy Rockwell shot Gus Bauer, when Jimmy Cooley and Tommie Ahearn fought a grudge fight on a barge, when the Fleetmobile raced the Vulcan Steamer, when—but Mr. Maurice, in his enthusiasm, gives away far too many details of the stories in his Foreword, and I do not intend to repeat that error here.

The comparison with "O. Henry" has already been made. There are traces in Mr. Gilpatric's method of the "O. Henry" gifts. But that, I think, is because here is a new yarn-spinner born to the purple just as was Sidney Porter. I was twelve years old at the time of the Spanish War. I did not know New York until about 1905, and then hardly at all. But the details of these stories thoroughly convince me, and certainly the whole spirit of the times when I was a boy and a young man at college is beautifully conveyed. The last story, of the exile of Olvaney, is certainly the American's Paris, and a most moving tale into the bargain. There is plenty of humor, too, throughout the book. "The Great Poodle Myth" is the one story that rather slides over the edge into melodrama—but then I liked the play, "Double Door."

Any New Yorker, born or adopted, must enjoy "Brownstone Front." Nor do you have to be a New Yorker to enjoy it. We older people who remember singing "Goodbye, Dolly Gray" and "Zizzie-ze-zum-zum-zum," during the Spanish War, who recall riding in a bicycle parade with red, white and blue bunting wound through our spokes, who can conjure up a vision of the earliest automobiles, whether it was in Scranton, Pennsylvania or Indianapolis, Indiana, can appreciate the rich flavor of the era of which Mr. Gilpatric writes.

To my mind this is a cracker-jack book of stories of the "Days When," and I wish Mr. Gilpatric would turn to immediately, and write a whole lot more of them!

An Australian Novel

LOST MAN. By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

AUSTRALIA has been turning out some interesting fiction of late years. Some of it is crude; much of it is well written; most of it is at least fresh and virile. These Antipodeans certainly do call a spade a spade—if not a damned old shovel. Mr. Watson, indeed, goes much farther in this direction than, to the taste of the present reviewer, seems at all necessary for the telling of his story: his preoccupation with the functions of the human body rather reminds one of the conversation of small boys who have recently acquired surreptitious information concerning the facts of life.

The raison d'être of the story is to give a picture of a man lost in the Australian bush, and the picture is vividly drawn in the latter part of the book; the utter sameness of the bush, stretching to infinity; the first onset of panic; the frantic scurryings to and fro; the frenzied appeals, first to reason and at last to God; the heat by day and the cold by night; the clutching thirst; the despairing throwing-off of clothes, and the final instinctive clawing in the earth—it is a terrible picture, and though the reader may weary a little of the long-drawn-out agony, it is on the whole well done, and it is native to the Australian soil. As a background for this final scene, the author has invented a rather banal and not very convincing triangular story, which, however, some good characterization helps to redeem from the commonplace.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST'S most phenomenal poem is "The Land," first published in 1927. It won the Hawthornden Prize, and Miss Sackville-West was hailed even as a distinguished disciple of Virgil. "Collected Poems," by V. Sackville-West, now before me, includes "The Land," and contains also both verse taken from previous volumes and verse as yet unpublished in any book. There are some fifty new poems.

I must confess that what this poet calls "the mild continuous epic of the soil" has never moved me profoundly. A little bucolic poetry goes with me a long way. I realize that this is a personal limitation, but I think it only honest to state it. An outstanding characteristic of the English, however, is their love of the land; and that seems to me partially to account for the comparatively wide popularity of Miss Sackville-West's long poem. But quite aside from that—and I have come to it long after the acclaiming voices have faded—"The Land" is an achievement. The management of the verse so as to avoid monotony, yet always with the same grave undertone, is hypnotic in effect. Natural phenomena are described with an almost inspired precision. In the "Spring" section, the comment on the young wild animals, shrew and vole and vixen, hare and stoat, is particularly memorable. Again and again one is delighted by the fully expressive epithet, born of the thing fully seen, not of the mere literary desire to startle the reader. And concerning our human understanding, how profound is this passing observation:

There's some relation we may not adjust,
Some concord of creation that the mind
Only in perilous balance apprehends,
Loth, fugitive, obscure.
All else dies in its season; all perplexities,
Even human grief with human body dies.
Such griefs that press so wildly on the heart
As to crush in its shell. But still endure
Nature's renewal and man's fortitude,
A common thing, a permanent common thing,
So coarse, so stated, usual, and so rude,
So quiet in performance, and so slow
That hurrying wit outruns it.

This poem is made of comment on the Kentish weald, on its shepherds and yeomen, its crops, its gardeners and beemasters, its sheep shearing, haysel and harvest, its ploughing, threshing, hedging and ditching, cider-making and autumn hop-picking. Its close invokes the Mantuan "that sang of bees and vines, the tillage and the flocks." Virgil, however, wrote in alien Rome, and Miss Sackville-West's poem was finished in Isfahan. Of the lyrical interludes those belonging to "Summer" are perhaps the most beautiful. The country characters that move through the poem are filled with the breath of life. So exact is the country-knowledge in "The Land" that it might serve as guide book to the labors of a countryman; and yet out of common employments is drawn such poetry as this, of woodcraft:

Once in ten years the woodman with his axe
Felling slim undergrowth from stubby holes,
Shall bare the auburn flooring of the copse,
Its ridges, and the sandy rabbit-holes.
Then shall he pare the twigs, and set in stacks
His tall young ash and stripling chestnut poles
That presently shall serve the wreathing hops,
And he shall peel the bark of shorter wood
Clean as a cat in pattens, smelling good,
And sharpen to a point for stakes and spiles,
The whittled slivers flying as he chops,
And lash the shaven wood in ready piles.

This poet has perfectly mastered a flexible measure most naturally rhymed. This is shown, as well as in "The Land," in the first of the shorter poems dedicated to Virginia Woolf. Miss Sackville-West has a sense of the past rarely met with in the present day. And she sees, both minutely "The snail beside the garden wall, The mole on his myopic way," and largely "the ingle star of contemplation's lidless eye." Through more than the first half of her book I have found phrase on phrase that delighted me.

Then there are the poems "Abroad" and of people, and of love, and "King's Daughter." Some are considerably earlier poems as are some in "In England." There are poems of Persia, the excellent "Genoese Merchants," poems of Syria, Constantinople, Provence, a few of America. In "People," the quatrain on Alice Meynell is excellent, and in the section "Love," the poem "Bitterness" is impressive in its irony. Some of the lyrics in "King's Daughter" are striking. I should say in general that this book shows the development of a poet from merely unusual competence to real distinction. Match the first fifteen poems in "In England" against the remainder in that section, and you will see what I mean.

A SERIOUS CRAFTSMAN

That is what Ezra Pound, in his preface, calls George Oppen, author of "Discrete Series" (The Objectivist Press, 10 West 36th Street, New York City). He appears to think that the hasty reviewer may say that Mr. Oppen writes a good deal like William Carlos Williams. He sees a difference which he does not "expect any great horde of readers to notice." His opinion of Mr. Oppen's work is that here is "a sensibility which is not every man's sensibility, and which has not been got out of any other man's books." If that were literally true. Mr. Oppen would be a paragon indeed. I know of no writer who has not got something out of other men's books. Certainly anyone's sensibility is at first nourished and increased through them.

Mr. Oppen's offering exhibits that extreme parsimony of words that is taken today to imply infinite profundity. I don't believe it implies anything of the kind. Most of Mr. Oppen's observations fail to impress me. His writing is like listening to a man with an impediment in his speech:

This land:
The hills, round under straw;
A house

With rigid trees

And flaunts
A family laundry,
And the glass of windows

But the definition of "discrete" being "separate, individually distinct, discontinuous," and this being a "discrete series," the statements in it fulfil, fairly well, the definition.

ALICE CORBIN AND HANIEL LONG

Writers' Editions, P. O. Box 822, Santa Fe, New Mexico, sends me two more of their publications, "The Sun Turns West," by Alice Corbin and "Atlantides," by Haniel Long. Alice Corbin (Mrs. Henderson) will be remembered as for years the associate of Harriet Monroe on *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.* Mr. Long, as I recall, was one of their discoveries. Both Miss Corbin and Mr. Long have done some good work in the past. The poems in Miss Corbin's book were written approximately between 1915 and 1932. Two short lyrics in its second section have since become famous, "What dim Arcadian pastures" and "Love me at last." The first section is chiefly devoted to Southern memories in free verse, gracefully handled. The third and fourth sections contain sonnets and brief lyrics. An excellent brief poem is "The Single Eye."

Mr. Long's is an uneven book. His best poems seems to me to be in informal, very loosely woven, blank verse—that intensely emotional one, "The Simplest Way," for instance. Mr. Long is usually emotional and puzzled. He is possessed by love, and in a quandary about it at the same time. He can write frankly and beautifully of love as in "A Refrain" and "Geometry and Hunger." He can also write beautifully of nature. And yet he still does not seem to have found himself. He has not yet full power of selection over his words or his work. But one touches a real human being in his book, a poet, and an insurgent spirit.

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"She had said to him, 'There can't be any question, Edmund, as to what you ought to do.'

"His eyes had evaded hers, and he had raised the glass to his lips and taken a long drink. *He had dropped dead.*"

Perhaps you've already read some of Rufus King's famous thrillers—MURDER BY THE CLOCK, SOMEWHERE IN THIS HOUSE, VALCOUR MEETS MURDER, and others. Perhaps you've seen his mystery review, "Murder at the Vanities," New York's longest-run theatrical success. His latest book, THE LESSER ANTILLES CASE, is a Crime Club Triple-A Mystery and the new Crime Club Selection.

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The New Books

Fiction

TUTT FOR TUTT. By Arthur Train. Scribners. 1934. $2.

To those who have enjoyed the Tutt books as they should be enjoyed—and this is what has happened, surely, to practically all who have read them—it is sufficient to say that in this new collection of stories Ephraim Tutt remains Ephraim Tutt and Arthur Train remains Arthur Train. To define Ephraim Tutt for those who have not yet made his acquaintance is a less simple task; it is quite inadequate to say that he is a compound of simplicity and guile, of tenderness and force, of the backwoods primitive and the cultured gentleman, etc. The truth is that he is a genuine creation, a human being whom Mr. Train has given to us as a friend and companion, and whose little peculiarities are as endearing as are his cardinal traits. In point of sheer ingenuity he does not rank with Sherlock Holmes, but he is a far more complete human being; and while the adventures of the shrewd, resourceful, romantic old New York lawyer do not grip the mind so intensely as those of the uncannily logical London detective, they are both more amusing and more touching. In these days, when grim problems claim almost a monopoly of our attention, stories that not only delight the mind but move us to laughter and tears are something for which we may be truly thankful.

F. F.

THE RECKONING. By Leane Zugsmith. Smith & Hass. 1934. $2.50.

Leane Zugsmith is primarily a portrayer of character. She has the photographic eye for the details of gesture and idiom and she has the selective sense that tells her just which ones should be recorded and which ignored to create the whole person for the reader. The awkward angle at which a woman sets down her feet gives as much of her past and her future as a paragraph might. A cat "unslotting" its eyes in a kitchen warms the whole scene to intimacy. Arthur Turk clinging desperately, through great emotional stress, to the elegant nominative, "No hard feelings between you and I," exposes himself as well as his vernacular.

Characters abound in the present novel. Whether they are to play principal roles in the reckoning of New York's social system or are to appear only momentarily in a coached part before the jury, they are complete in their short-sighted self-seeking, their futile idealism, or their unthinking blundering ahead. In importance Oliver Pace should probably come first. A fairly young, unsuccessful lawyer in the beginning, with his driving interest in justice and his unresolved bondage to his dominating mother, he decides against his nature to strive, by whatever means he can put his mind and hands to, for power. After his greatest effort in the struggle he finds himself out-tricked and power as elusive as justice. Or perhaps Castie Petrella, who lied himself into Welfare Island rather than admit to his meager fifteen years of age, should come first as the ball that started the whole thing rolling.

The story itself is, of course, an indictment of the legal and social systems where Casties are first made and then condemned for existing, but Miss Zugsmith's ability at story telling (her novels are full of complete and perfectly finished short stories, as in this instance, the parting of Mr. Turk and Maude) lifts her work safely clear of any didacticism.

G. G.

ABOUT LEVY. By Arthur Calder-Marshall. Scribners. 1934. $2.

A man on trial for murder brings an impact of vicarious drama to the lives of all who have known him, and the drama is none the less real even to those whose acquaintance with him was casual. An excellent idea for a novel, and Mr. Calder-Marshall has done it justice. He has an unusual versatility in his ability to project various characters—Levy's two inamoratæ, one real and passionate, the other cold and artificial; the middle-aged priest who had been his tutor; the loafer in the pub, discussing the case over a pint of bitters; Levy's sister, secure and secluded, avoiding contact with him. The author presents them all quickly, surely, and with conviction. He handles equally well the dramatic narrative and the stream of consciousness, alternating them to suit his needs, always with his eye on the multifarious interplay of the events and characters. About Levy, who never appears directly, we finally know everything that can be said by the objective method—a method, incidentally, which gives the novel a superficial resemblance to the by-products of "Grand Hotel." It's much better than that.

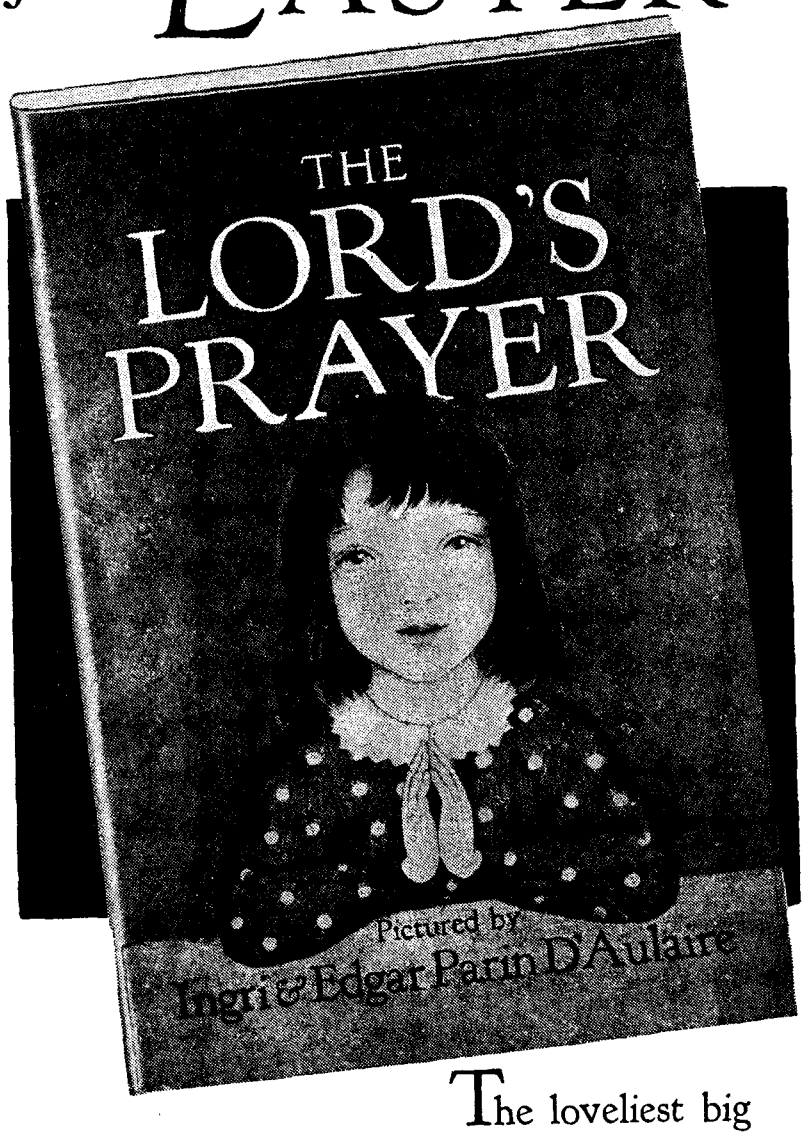
G. S.

THE LADIES. By Stanley Hopkins. Harpers. 1934. $2.

To say that "The Ladies" is an unusually fine first novel seems almost to mingle some patronage with the praise it amply earns. Perhaps it would be better to say simply that it is a fine novel; but it is nevertheless true that its best qualities, its self-control in attack, and its wealth of character, are precisely those that are most notable in a first book, where a single actor and a single point of view too often suffice. "The Ladies" is a story of the dry-rotten life in a backwater town in the deep

(*Continued on page* 583)

for EASTER



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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE NINE TAILORS *Dorothy L. Sayers* (Harcourt, Brace: $2)	Gravediggers at East Anglia funeral turn up unknown corpse. Lord Peter Wimsey does his most brilliant work.	Fascinating accounts of bell-ringing, excellent characterization and local color, make this much more than a good mystery.	AAAAA
LONDON CALLING *Val Gielgud & Holt Marvell* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murder in multiple-studioed Broadcasting House, London, taxes brains of sleuthing reader and Scotland Yard Inspector Spears.	Novel setting, complex of motives, several suspects, and ingenious alibi make tight-knit, steady-paced yarn.	Topping
THE CASE OF THE FIFTH KEY *Gregory Dean* (Covici-Friede: $2.)	From scratches and broken button, swivel chair detector Ben Simon reconstructs narcotic dealer's murder in Manhattan's East Forties.	Author Dean has developed new pattern; interest holds through Simon's second case, despite multiplicity of speaking parts.	85%
THE GHOST HUNTERS *Ralph Aiken* (McBride: $2.)	Wealthy playboy buys Connecticut farm, hopes for ghosts, encounters bootleggers, pretty girl, and incidental murder.	Much youthful whoopee, spiritualistic nonsense, state police, and Wodehouse butler help to confuse issue.	Muddled
THE LESSER ANTILLES CASE *Rufus King* (Crime Club: $2)	Murder strikes in lifeboat holding ten survivors from wrecked millionaire's yacht; Lt. Valcour, famed sleuth, goes cruising in Caribbean.	Slight strain on reader's credulity fails to mar deftly managed yarn of killing afloat and ashore. Author should look up meaning of "eclectic."	Engaging

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Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

THE SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST

ON this lovely Saturday afternoon, with the drums beating the time for the Saint Patrick's Day marchers in the street below, and the sunshine falling golden on the buildings opposite, Spring is so much in the air that the thought of summer vacationing no longer seems fantastic but a prospect soon to be realized. So we take up the letter of *J. A. B. of Wichita Falls, Texas,* which has been lying unanswered more weeks than we like to remember, in the belief that preparations for the summer of travel in the South and Southwest which its writer is planning are assuming something of urgency. She writes us:

. . . I want a list of books from which I may get a comprehensive survey of the historic points of the South and Southwest. I expect to spend much of the summer in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and also want a list of books about this part of the country. This is to include any subject, art, travel, music, history, archæology, and anything particularly about the city of Santa Fe itself.

We have no doubt that what J. A. B. wants is something recent; yet since every land is the more interesting if its present is projected against a background of the past, we perversely begin our list of books on the South by mentioning some works written befo' de Wah. As a matter of fact we're snatching at an opportunity of talking about them, for they happen to be favorites of our own, and so few persons seem to know them that we burn with the missionary's zeal to spread the gospel. The first is Harriet Martineau's SOCIETY IN AMERICA, written in 1837, but still a study of fascinating interest. Miss Martineau came to America from England with her reputation already established and with introductions to persons of importance all over the United States. She was extremely deaf, and was forced to use an ear trumpet, a fact which she accounted an advantage in her travels since, as she said, it forced her hosts to keep their conversation to topics of interest and to abjure the trivial. She visited throughout the Southern states, everywhere turning her attention to social and economic conditions. Possessed of a powerful mind, masculine, indeed, in its grip and detachment, and an excellent critical faculty, she produced one of the most trenchant commentaries on the South of her time that is to be found. Discriminating and analytical, though vigorously opposed to slavery, it is free from the emotionalism which entered into so much of the writing of the period. The book is out of print, we believe, but can be procured in libraries. With Miss Martineau's SOCIETY IN AMERICA we urge J. A. B. to read Frederic Law Olmsted's JOURNEY IN THE BACK COUNTRY IN THE WINTER OF 1853-54 (Putnam) and JOURNEY IN THE SEABOARD SLAVE STATES (Putnam). These chronicles of horseback travels by the landscape architect of Central Park are delightful records and most illuminating descriptions of the people, customs, and conditions of the immediately pre-Civil War period.

Well, after having bottled up our enthusiasm for years, we've at last had our say, and having had it shall try to give our more up-to-date references in more rapid order. There's not much in the way of travel literature on the South but J. A. B. might try Julian Street's AMERICAN ADVENTURES (Appleton-Century: 2 vols. $6) which contains description and discussion of social customs, J. F. Faris's SEEING THE SUNNY SOUTH (Lippincott: $6), and John Muir's A THOUSAND MILE WALK TO THE GULF (Houghton Mifflin: $3.25), in which that excellent naturalist mingled botanical description with his more general travel chronicle. For an understanding of the mood and mind of the present-day South she should read the symposium entitled I'LL TAKE MY STAND (Harpers: $3) issued a few years ago, in which twelve writers expressed themselves in lively fashion on the South and the agrarian tradition, and the recently published CULTURE IN THE SOUTH (University of North Carolina Press: $4), edited by W. T. Couch. Another book that should prove of interest is Howard W. Odum's AMERICAN EPOCH (Holt: $3.50), "southern portraiture in ... tional pictures." C. A. Hibbard's LYUTH (Macmillan: $2.25) and his THE ... IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE (University of North Carolina Press: 50 cents), will give her light on Southern letters.

For the Southwest there is considerable material. No one knows the section better and with more scientific precision than Mary Austin, whose LAND OF JOURNEY'S ENDING (Appleton-Century: $4) ought certainly to be on J. A. B.'s list. A book which has for many years enjoyed great popularity is C. F. Lummis's MESA, CAÑON AND PUEBLO (Appleton-Century: $4.50) which deals with the nature, the earth building, the people, and the buried romance of the section. A more recent one, the emphasis of which goes on archaeology, is S. Magoffin's DOWN THE SANTA FE TRAIL AND INTO MEXICO (Yale University Press: $4). More specifically devoted to travel are C. F. Saunders's FINDING THE WORTHWHILE IN THE SOUTHWEST (McBride: $1.50), C. L. Bernheimer's RAINBOW BRIDGE (Doubleday, Doran: $3), and E. C. Peixotto's OUR HISPANIC SOUTHWEST (Scribners: $3.50). A work which would prove well worth J. A. B.'s reading, if she is willing to take the time for a scientific study, is Alfred L. Kroeber's NATURE CULTURE OF THE SOUTHWEST (University of California Press), and one which will give her information on the literary developments of the section is THE SOUTHWEST IN LITERATURE (Macmillan: $1.68), by M. Major and R. W. Smith. J. W. Rogers's FINDING LITERATURE ON THE TEXAS PLAINS (Southwest Press: $1) contains a "Representative Bibliography of Books on the Southwest," by J. F. Dobie.

J. A. B. in her letter requesting the foregoing travel information asked also whether we could put her on the track of a "book published some time ago about the interpretation of architecture." This, we imagine, is Lewis Mumford's STICKS AND STONES, published originally by Boni & Liveright ($2.50), and just reissued at $2 by W. W. Norton in his newly instituted White Oak Library series. This is a study of American architecture and civilization.

BOOKS ON THE RENAISSANCE

L. L. of New York City wishes "a list of the most authoritative books on the Renaissance, also the best of general histories of France in French."

For the Renaissance in general—and not merely in Italy—the most recent book of importance is Paul Van Dyke's AGE OF THE RENASCENCE (Scribners), in which the stress goes on the intellectual movement. The most comprehensive general work, perhaps, is Hyma's THE CHRISTIAN RENAISSANCE (Appleton-Century), which treats the awakening as more than a humanistic movement, and finds its roots deep inwoven through Northern Europe where it regards it as the precursor of the Reformation. Henry Osborn Taylor's THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY (Macmillan), and Preserved Smith's AGE OF THE REFORMATION (Holt) should also be consulted. On the Renaissance in Italy the great works are J. C. Burckhardt's CIVILIZATION OF THE PERIOD OF THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY (Macmillan), which throws its emphasis on philosophic aspects, leaves out the artistic development, and largely ignores economic manifestations, and John A. Symonds's RENAISSANCE IN ITALY, which, though now somewhat antiquated, especially in its treatment of art, is admirable in its discussion of the revival of learning and written throughout in fascinating manner. We still look back with delight on a summer vacation during our college years in which we read through several large volumes of the work with unflagging interest. A more recent treatment of the Italian Renaissance, which can also lay claim to liveliness of presentation, is Rachel Annand Taylor's INVITATION TO RENAISSANCE ITALY (Harpers). And we mustn't forget Ralph Roeder's recently published THE MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE (Viking), which through the medium of four personalities reflects their age in fascinating fashion.

As to the histories of France which L. L. wants, we hope he won't be daunted to discover that there are fifteen volumes to Gabriel Hanotaux's HISTOIRE DE LA NATION FRANÇAISE, and nine to HISTOIRE DE LA FRANCE DEPUIS LES ORIGINES JUSQU'À LA RÉVOLUTION. Both of these are collaborations, the last said to be one of the most perfect of its kind ever achieved. Less extensive, and long a standard history both in French and in the English translation, is Victor Duruy's HISTOIRE DE FRANCE.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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FUGITIVE—English instructor, "thirty years agrowing," weary of long sentence in polite New England college, prefers hard labor, part or full-time, on editorial side of periodical or publishing house east of Hudson. Sometime foreign correspondent. Languages. Reviewing. Escaping in June. Accomplice? Box 576.

JOB WANTED: anywhere, anything. Educated, unattached, thirty. Metropolitan newspaperman for ten years went broke in Hollywood. Now in middle west. Box 577.

YOUNG WOMAN longing to go abroad in any self-respecting capacity. What am I offered. Box 578.

YOUNG MAN employed but desperately in need of $200.00 will do absolutely anything—murder and theft out. Box 579.

CLOISTERED. Attractive woman (so rumored). Career insufficient. Correspondence with man (30-40) needed for window on the world. Daffodil.

WHAT NEXT? Assets: health, wide travel, social ease, love of life, experience in education and business, skill in promotion, college degree. Tastes: outdoors, animals especially dogs, a fireside, preparing delectable food on diminutive budget, books, people, making them comfortable. Liabilities: obliterated income, age fifty-plus. Is this a fatal combination? Suggestions invited. Anne Other.

WOMAN of 26½ with a flair for deduction wants work. Is a "defective detective." Solves problems. Answers questions. Anything attempted. Fees modest. Absent treatment preferred. Karen.

AGROUND AT FIFTY—Cargo: extensive experience in executive positions involving office management and selling ideas, preparation of publicity, wide acquaintance, ability to work with men and women, ease in speaking; two academic degrees; freedom from incumbrances, physical, personal, geographical. Plans for getting afloat welcomed. Will offer salvage fee of ten per cent of first year's proceeds from any scheme used. May B. Saylor.

WIDELY-READ, CAPABLE YOUNG woman with journalistic experience and sound critical judgment, seeking escape from stagnation and stuffiness of provincial high school teaching, desires work in any phase of journalism, publishing, or book trade. Box 580.

TRAVELING COMPANION seeks to launch career of usefulness with some delightful elder who would appreciate brain facile enough to make reservations, and heart responsive to land, sea and cribbage. Can drive a car. Can provide satisfactory references. Box 581.

MONEY SPENT; curiously, deliciously, for the careless rich and the extravagant poor. Contributions completely acknowledged. Box 582.

MOUNT HOLYOKE graduate (27), weary of the ivory tower, desires teaching post or literary connection. Master of Arts, eighteen hours Education, four and one-half years graduate study, trained in writing short story, essay, criticism; play-writing and direction; speech; literature and drama (classical or modern); legal aid work. Reliable references. Box 583.

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PERSONALS

BUSINESS AMBASSADOR will make personal contacts or market merchandise for you in New York. Ivy Field, Riverdale, New York.

I AM TIRED of my tropical island. I want one year's exchange American history teaching job, each teacher to be paid by his own school. Junior college or high school near large city preferred. A. M. Stanford University, California credentials. Hawaii requires five years experience. Box 584.

WANTED Chicago girl student speaking French and/or German willing to exchange afternoons teaching a small child—nurse in charge—for room and board. Box 585.

YOUNG LADY—Interests—music, literature—golf. Wishes to meet gentleman 35-40 similar interests. Box 586.

YOUNG WOMAN, cultured, sociable, wishes the acquaintance of a New York Protestant gentleman (over 30 and unattached) interested in bridge, tennis, conversation and the arts. "Nomad."

NEW YORKER, over fifty, interested in current events, out-door sports and bridge, would like to hear from lady of like interests. Roland.

PROFESSIONAL MAN seeking experienced writer to revise unique manuscript as joint author but no immediate recompense. PUZZLE STORIES.

WOMAN, single, normal, busy, seldom bored but not self-sufficient, wishes correspondence with man in forties, of like description, for the spice o' life. Upstate.

LADY, married, 28, wants passage to England about June 1st in return for managing children, assisting elderly lady or any useful capacity. Address C. L. C.

WANTED: Copies of unsolicited letters and others that secured interviews for positions. Goff, 2911 Glenwood, Erie, Pa.

GOLD MINING PROSPECTOR, single, 30, Irish, alone in mountains, would correspond with cultured mud-lark. Leonidas, Box 281, Red Bluff, California.

YOUNG WOMAN, teacher-librarian, library experience, desires position. Anything. M. E. G.

WIDOW, lonesome, longing to add flavor and interest to her life, wealthy, residing in New York, Philadelphia or New Jersey, philanthropic, may write Peter Hamilton.

WANTED similarity of temperament rather than beauty or even intelligence. Young man (28) prefers conversation to bridge, Wodehouse to Kathleen Norris, playing ping-pong to watching football, photography to jigsaw puzzles. Would like to meet girl in New York City or vicinity with congruent personality if not identical interests. Box 587.

TYPOGRAPHY, Fine Printing, Private Press publishing. A young gentile who is interested may learn as understudy provided (1) he can support himself, (2) he is *not* a dilettante, (3) he has some natural inclination for printing. Box 588.

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ON AN old farm in Connecticut 50 miles from New York, one can spend the spring and summer gardening, chickens, or work any hobby; car space. Address H. M. Saturday Review.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 581*)

South, which all the young men with ambition have long ago left, and where all women expect as a matter of course to devote themselves to flattering the nearest male—failing a husband, a distant cousin will do—and to be supported by him in return.

The whole of the life of the dead town is given with an intimate and illuminating realism; the dry smells of winter, the damp smells of summer, all are there. Yet though all the slovenly pretense of gentility is displayed, it is not distorted by appearing as it would to some one far more sensitive than its inhabitants.

There have been many recent books devoted to cutting at the dead limbs left on the old South; this sloughing off of the dead tissues is the indication of its returning vitality. Of them all, none is more convincing than is this book in its moderation, and few more trenchant in constant but never insistent irony.

B. D.

Social Science

THE NATURE OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES IN RELATION TO OBJECTIVES OF INSTRUCTION. By Charles A. Beard. Scribners. 1934. $1.75.

If, as stated in the Foreword, this publication is merely a report to a Commission (of the American Historical Association on Social Studies in the Schools), then it is for the latter to pass judgment upon its usefulness and adequacy; all that an outsider can venture is the opinion that if the social sciences are as thin and shaky as they are described to be, their inclusion in a school curriculum might well wait until their health has picked up. This, however, is by the way, and implies an adherence to a set of convictions concerning school curricula that are, at the moment, a mark for flout, jibe, and sneer.

Viewing the volume without reference to its "objectives of instruction," as an effort to "bring to a focus contemporary thought about the social sciences, to serve as a warning against easy assumptions," one fails to perceive any audience to which it is addressed. A large part of its key-chapter, on "The General Nature of the Social Sciences," has to do with unearthly semi-metaphysical meditations on the nature of real science, out of which emerges the dictum that astrophysics is the only genuine discipline of the sort, inasmuch as it alone has a "closed system" and "admits of long-time and all-inclusive predictions" —chemistry and physics being merely "comforting little sciences." This kind of term-juggling responds neither to contemporary thought nor to understandable usage; nor does it dispel any easy assumptions in the minds of pupil, grade-teacher, school-board, or specialist.

If the author had said simply that the social studies cannot aspire to the exactitude of even the little comforters, much less to that of celestial mechanics, though they can try to quit word-churning and to adopt such items of stock scientific method as they can encompass, one easy assumption (held, however, by no student of society worth disillusioning) might have been scuttled.

Sketchy chapters on history, economics, political science, and cultural sociology follow. To whom they will be of use does not appear. The anthropologist gets slight attention except for the reassurance that he is doing a lot of good. For, by his efforts, "'humanity is relieved from the dread and fear of the unknown, in this round world, at least, and can ascribe untoward happenings to natural causes rather than to some malign influence seated in some unknown and unexplored region of the earth or sky.' To humanity this is a gain beyond calculation." Economics and the rest are accorded likewise the status of benefactors.

There follows a sketch of social trends based largely upon the Hoover Report and a recent volume of Berle and Means; also a considerable amount of programmatic material of a pedagogic order. This may be of value to the Commission. The volume is one of the type that Foundations and Commissions feel that they must produce; Dr. Beard seems to have been reluctantly acquiescent to the task of its making.

A. G. K.

Latest Books Received

(Books of the week in Archeology, Architecture, Art, Belles Lettres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)

BELLES LETTRES

Walt Whitman in England. H. Blodgett. Cornell Univ. Pr. *Charles Kingsley.* S. E. Baldwin. Cornell Univ. Pr. $2.50.

EDUCATION

The Children's Bookshelf: The Elephant's Friend, 84 cents. *In a Green Valley,* 88 cents. *The Masquerade,* 92 cents. *Play Days,* 60 cents. *Munching Peter,* 72 cents. *The Great Idea,* 80 cents. *Playing Together,* 64 cents. Ed. B. R. Buckingham. *Let's Play,* 16 cents. B. R. Buckingham and M. P. Dolch. Ginn.

FOREIGN

L'Etrange Vie et les Etranges Amours d'Edgar Poe. Paris: Desclée de Brouwer.

INTERNATIONAL

Nazi Means War. L. Stowe. Whittlesey. $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

Sulgrave Manor and the Washingtons. H. C. Smith. Macmillan. $4. *Famous Feats of Detection and Deduction.* L. R. Gribble. Doubleday. $2.50. *Itinerants of the Timber Lanas.* G. McClintock. Crowell. $2.

POETRY

Surrey's Fourth Boke of Virgil. E. H. Hartman. Oxford Univ. Pr. $4.50.

RELIGION

A Short History of Religions. E. E. Kellett. Dodd. $3.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
TYCOON *C. E. Scoggins* (Crowell: $2.)	Romance	The young engineer who's bringing North American benefits to a jungle republic, runs counter to the powerful papa of a local beaut. Action featured.	Richard Harding Davis
THE GUINEA PIG TURNS *Lewis Graham* (Macaulay: $2.)	Topical Novel	Exposing the horrors of injurious depilatory preparations. The story is thrown in to make it suitable for rental circulation.	Stale
THE HOUSE ACROSS THE RIVER *Elizabeth Corbett* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.)	Light Novel	Her past pops up to complicate for awhile the life of a young suburban matron. Pleasant ladies' time-killer.	OK
THE PERFECT PAIR *Lois Montross* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Romance	Classmates voted Meredith the Perfect Girl, Howard the Perfect Man, with Perfect Match indicated. But charming David and a snappy dancing number are the wrenches in the gears. Modern treatment of ancient plot.	OK
WINDS OF CHANCE *Jeffery Farnol* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Pirate Yarn	Every man of the pirate crew had been a galley slave, each sworn to rescue similar unfortunates. Farnol's return to salt water will be welcomed.	Blood
WATCH THE CURVES *Richard Hoffman* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2)	Light Novel	Hollywood-bound actress, son-of-a-banker, two-bit crook, nun, newspaper guy—all bound for Los Angeles on one of those share-expense tours. Good going.	Dust

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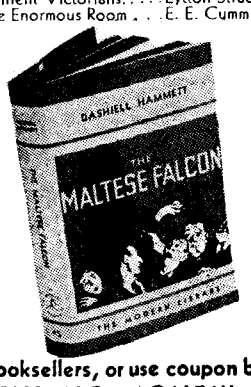

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Old Caliph Quercus with Eddie Ziegler as Grand Vizier went on the road Upstate. As they were leaving they met Charley Driscoll, who makes a hobby of pirate stories and buried treasure. The Geo. Matthew Adams syndicate is spreading a strip-feature of Mr. Driscoll's in many newspapers, called *Pieces of Eight.* Charley gave the travellers a facsimile of an old Peruvian silver "piece of eight" (viz. 8 reals) coined in 1691. This lucky piece was cast in linotype metal and bore the name also of the St. Louis *Star-Times.* Quercus regarded it as a symbol of the truth that there's always Hidden Treasure in every kind of type metal. Unfortunately he lost it in Buffalo. In Buffalo also he learned that the old Indian chief (Two Guns White Calf) whose face appears on the buffalo nickel had just died in Montana. This seemed an unpleasant fiscal omen just before Income Tax Day.—At John Skinner's excellent second-hand treasure trove in Albany he found Clark Russell's *An Atlantic Tragedy;* he was puzzled to see it bear the imprint of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia, 1899. He did not know that the sporting Drexel Biddles had ever gone in for publishing.—Most exciting of all, at John Skinner's there was one of the old Jules Vernes Q. has so long hunted: the fat red volume (3 stories in one) called *The Mysterious Island* with the imprint of Scribner, 1898. Now where will we find a copy of *The Steam House* by Verne? Whyn't Scribners put those old plates back to work—and the delicious illustrations.

☞The car *Simplon Pass,* on the train called *The Iroquois,* was one of those mint-new air-conditioned vehicles; running so smoothly that one accustomed to the old rattlers can hardly sleep. Vizier Ziegler was interested in the porter, a big handsome bronze with a soft voice and an odd liquid accent. They learned that he's an Abyssinian, and discussed with him the exciting discovery lately of the Queen of Sheba's home town. Always short-circuited by mordant curiosities these Trade Surveyors studied the club car menu. Bicarbonate of Soda, doubtless due to Mr. Borborigmus Henry's protest in these columns, has come down to 10 cents. "Aspirin will not be sold in Iowa or Minnesota." The Pullman Company, they noted, has its own press in Chicago where its numerous folders and menu cards are printed. As a lover of the road, Old Quercus would love to have something printed by the Pullman Press. With St. Patrick's Day in the offing these sentimentalists made some notes on the Irish whiskeys available in the trains. Burke's, which comes from Ireland via Long Island City, seemed to be the Pullman Company's favorite. The average customer has rather forgotten about Irish whiskey, and it seems more likely to be genuine than the current liquefactions of Scotch.—In Buffalo, the new Terminal is a long way from the heart of town. One sees the minarets of a great many Polish churches. The Union News Company has a fine bookstall at the Buffalo Terminal, they had a pleasant chat with Mrs. Albee and found a file of the SATURDAY REVIEW on prominent display. Q. wished that it might be on sale as well as for reference; is it not excellent train-reading for the brooding voyager? They visited both branches of the Ulbrich Company, booksellers; in the basement of Ulbrich's Delaware Avenue store a meeting was held where Mr. Chris Grauer's patrons ensconced themselves in vaults and alcoves like primitive Christians. This was exciting and good fun; it had the feeling of a Guy Faux conspiracy. If books, those explosives of the mind, could be outlawed, contrabanded, prohibited, how they might circulate. Perhaps the charm of the SATURDAY REVIEW, cried Old Quercus to himself, is that it is so secret, a brotherhood of initiates, a sodality of *carbonari* or charcoal burners inhaling their esoteric fumes. Almost his favorite line in literature is: *Deep in the parallel forest the sunburned carbonaro tends his sullen fire.* Chris Grauer is full of upgrade ideas for the improvement of traffic in print and certainly his Delaware Avenue basement is a delightful place to browse. In the Main Street store he has a vigorous department of foreign books and magazines. They visited Adam, Meldrum and Anderson's too, where Vizier Ziegler made old Convex Quercus buy a new dress waistcoat, one that would really meet in front; and the pleasant book balcony of Hengerer's where the student who is infatuated with names met among others the delightful Miss Accipiter. Mr. Ziegler, always sedulous for trade, invented a rhyme: "If she places an order, we'll ship it her."—

☞Of Syracuse, where the University is set on a hill and sends memorable chimes over the town (don't forget, by the way, Dorothy Sayers' superb bell-ringing mystery *The Nine Tailors* which rings the bell in more senses than one, is published this week) Quercus had not known much save that the trains rumble through the streets and there are deposits of salt hard by. (The first street you notice is called *Salinas.*) There is spiritual salt too, as they learned at the University and at Paul Paine's public library. Miss Tina Cummings and Miss Virginia Potter of Dey Brothers' book department made them welcome: they noted that the frolic youth of Syracuse run much to mufflers in Scotish plaid and bright colored mittens. They were guests of the English Club of Syracuse University in a picturesque Gothic castle high above lights and surrounded with stars. An excellent idea, thought Quercus, to build a university on a hill; the medieval colleges (e. g. Oxford, Cambridge) were set in swamps and low alluvials, rich in quagmire and fog. In the kitchen of a friendly sorority house the astonished surveyors were served sandwiches as colorful, as piquant, as the hostesses themselves. Old Quercus, from the low vapors of middle age, looks up with homage to these bright visions on the hill. And the Hill Bookstall, run by Abbie Bigelow for student trade, is a gay visit; beautified also by some picturesque Persian cats which are not for sale. At the Public Library Paul M. Paine gave them his latest literary map, *A World of Good Stories* which locates on a chart of the world the geographic setting of the most famous romances. They had forgotten, or never known, that the island of Lilliput is supposed to be off the coast of Australia Felix.—The ingenious Abbie Bigelow, sending a wire to the surveyors while they were in Buffalo, addressed it *Try Leading Hotel Bflo.* It is embarrassing to record that Western Union tried seven other hotels before locating the thrifty pair.

☞In Saratoga, snow was still piled high along the streets and in front of those extraordinary hotels with their facades of wooden millinery. On byways glazed with frost the name of Skidmore College seemed very apropos. The social Vizier dined gayly with the nymphs of the college while pondering Q. retired to the attic of a hospitable bookseller (Dorothy Brock, who runs a lively little Book Service in her own home) to collect whatever thoughts he could. There he found what he had not seen in years—a genuine old Saratoga Trunk, with rounded lid; and realized for why they were built so; as also the wide stairways and verandahs of Saratoga's old hotels—to give space to the then fashionable crinoline. Hotels so full of social rivalry must always have needed broad fairway for ladies who were not on speaking terms to swish by without contact. But the young enchantresses of Saratoga today are of the streamline form. The president of the Key, a literary club, sat—sober, steadfast, and demure—in a tall presiding chair; prettier than a picture; patient and without fidget.

☞And of Albany, always an excitement, there is now no space to speak. The Co-op Bookshop run by Miss Fay and Miss Foote has made itself justly famous in its young career. Some day the lethargic publishers will realize what the college bookstores all over the country are doing in the way of catching and encouraging the young zealots of print. There were delightful visits with Fred Clapp and John Skinner and Mr. Lockrow who has recently opened a shop of his own. The State Education Building was dark while the State Office Building, across the way, was still blaze of lights—adding up the Income Taxes, one feared. Albany has had a tough winter—not unlike the one described in *The Master of Ballantrae.* But Miss Fay, like all wise merchants, has a secret solace of her own to call on when times are difficult. She is a great artist at whistling. Her skill in this loveliest of musics would charm birds from trees and publishers from stockrooms. When she whistles the mocking-bird aria it truly seems the first symptom of spring.

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